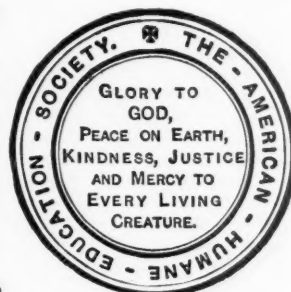


Our Dumb Animals.

U. S. Trade Mark, Registered.
FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM.
"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 42.

Boston, July, 1909.

No. 2.



THE ANGELL MEMORIAL BUILDING.

The Directors of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and of the American Humane Education Society are planning to erect a Humane Building as a permanent memorial to their late President, George T. Angell. The undersigned have been appointed a committee to consider what style of building would be best. The first point to be considered is what funds may be available, and for the purpose of determining this, we ask that everyone send such sum as he wishes to contribute to Messrs. Kidder, Peabody & Company, 115 Devonshire Street, Boston, or direct to the Treasurer of the Societies, 19 Milk Street. Pledges of subscriptions, payable January 1, 1911, will also be received. Contributions may be made at once.

Mr. Angell always hoped for the erection of a building in Boston in which should be housed both our Humane Societies, and it is earnestly hoped that the interest and sympathy of the public will warrant such a building as other cities possess for similar organizations and one which shall be suited to the growing needs of humanitarian work.

Mr. Angell's work was not limited in its influence to this city or even to this country, where so many societies exist as the result of his efforts. We earnestly bespeak for this enterprise the hearty support of all friends of humanity everywhere. There is now in the treasury of the two Societies \$29,000, which has been contributed for this purpose. Future receipts will be acknowledged in a special column in *Our Dumb Animals*.

All persons desiring information on the subject are requested to communicate with the Secretary of the Societies, 19 Milk Street, Boston. All inquiries will be cheerfully answered.

EDWARD H. CLEMENT, Chairman; }
NATHANIEL T. KIDDER, } Committee.
CHARLES S. RACKEMANN, }

Boston, July 6, 1909.

(Written for *Our Dumb Animals*.)

VALUE OF HUMANE EDUCATION.

How may we secure that recognition of the evil of unjust relations to other conscious beings, the worst expression of which is cruelty? There is but one solution to the problem. *The conquest of cruelty is only to be achieved through Humane Education.*

And by Humane Education we refer not only to lessons of kindness imparted to children, but to something far broader, of which such lessons are but a part. We mean the induced evolution in the soul of humanity of such sense of equity, as shall make cruelty impossible, wherever it exists. The immensity of the task can hardly be overestimated. We may briefly consider Humane Education as exerted:

- I. In the Family;
- II. In the School;
- III. In the Higher Institutions of Learning;
- IV. By the Press.

I. Humane Education in the Family.

In the formation of character, every system of education recognizes the almost infinite importance of impressions made during the earliest years. Not only our religion receives its form and coloring at the mother's knee but every phase of conduct is largely shaped by the influence of maternal example and maternal precept. "I was taught by my mother," wrote Samuel Rogers the poet, "to be tenderly kind toward the meanest living thing;" and the humane lesson, thus learned, had abiding influence throughout one of the longest lives. It is to the mother, more than to any other person, that we must look for the first lessons in humane conduct. She it is from whom the child will learn respect for life, and for the rights of others. And while there is a necessity for putting out of existence certain obnoxious or dangerous forms of life, I question whether a child should receive from its mother any lessons in the art of taking life. The babe who stretches out its hand for a buzzing fly on the window-pane, and who crows with delight as he tears it to pieces, may be helping to eliminate a pest, but it is also learning the first lesson of destructive cruelty. Is it wise to make an executioner of a babe? He will remember the killing; the reasons are forgotten.

It must be remembered, too, that man is an animal, and that from a far-distant ancestry, he has the inheritance of proclivities which it is the aim of Humane Education to eliminate. Ask a child, who begs for a story, whether he would like a tale of a good boy or a naughty one, of a lamb or a lion, and in nine cases out of ten, the lad will choose the narrative which is likely to thrill the most. All this is instinctive. It is doubtless the inheritance of a primal nature which perhaps partook more of the qualities of the tiger than of the lamb. What we wish, then, is to change the ideals and primitive tastes so that kindness, rather than any form of pain-infliction, shall thrill and please.

A child should be taught that to find pleasure in giving pain to any living thing, is essentially ignoble and mean. Let the boy be taught that only cowards abuse or torment creatures that are weak or helpless, or incapable of defense. How much of benevolent satisfaction and instruction may be imparted in the fields and woods, in the observation of the peaceful and pleasant activities of birds and insects, and even of things that are yet more lowly in the scale of existence! There is no surer stimulus to a well-ordered and useful career than an early-induced sympathy for one's humble companions in life, an esteem that compassionates, that pities, that helps; that is willing to sacrifice and relinquish the pleasure that is purchased by another's harm.

II. Humane Education in Schools.

Second only to the influence of the family is the influence of the school. The lad now finds himself amid new associations; he

regards with approval many of the ideals of his school companions; he has conceptions of other virtues and other faults than those inculcated at home. The boy now delights in tales of bravery and adventure, of dangers fearlessly encountered and hair-breadth escapes, of heroes and heroic acts. His mental life has wider scope and the vision of the world's anguish may perhaps be dimly seen. Is he to become hard and selfish and cruel, or sympathetic and compassionate? In what way may boy and girl alike be inspired with such ideals as shall leave the best impress upon character and tend to the highest development of an earnest and self-sacrificing life?

The strongest stimulus, outside the home, will be the personal example and character of the teacher. If here there is ever exhibited a sympathy with suffering, the boy will share it. If there is not merely indifference, but ridicule and contempt for humane ideals, assuredly, these two, will leave enduring impress upon susceptible minds. The young school teacher who brings into the school room egret plumes plucked from mother-birds at the cost of the starvation of the nestlings, and who cares only that her hat shall be fashionably adorned, teaches thus by ignoble example far more than any words can counteract.

The humane societies have done a work of immense importance in seeking the publication of school readers which have a uniform tendency to humaneness in the lessons they impart. Nor is it needful that such textbooks shall be void of descriptions which appeal so strongly to the mind of youth. What text-book of today does not contain some example of heroism on the battlefield. But surely great deeds of self-sacrificing devotion have been wrought in other than fields of carnage and strife.

The reading book of the future will group together the stories of great endeavor and accomplishment, not in man's struggles to kill his fellow-man, but in his efforts to rescue and save; we shall have the stories of the mines, and of miners who have volunteered to go down to almost certain death, that their imprisoned comrades might be rescued; the stories of the sea, and of sailors who have thrown themselves without hesitancy into the ocean at the call for help; the records of great conflagrations, and of firemen, who to rescue a babe in a tenement house, enter flames at the peril of their lives. These men are heroes as surely as any warrior, and it is such lessons of instinctive self-sacrifice that we need for the admiration and emulation of youth.

III. Humane Education in Higher Institutions of Learning.

If humane ideals are anywhere needed, it is at that period of life when the imperfectly developed nature of young manhood seems to find pleasure and excitement in the infliction of indignity or the causation of some temporary torment and fear. To the average college student, it would appear that life seems an experience of stress and strain and struggle for victory over some opposing force, in which the infliction of pain must have a part. The hazing at Annapolis or West Point, the strife between college classes and initiation into college societies involving experiences that more than once have terminated in death of a comrade,—all these are instances of that lingering love of torture which for ages distinguished the lowest of our race. And yet such men are not barbarians. What is necessary is the planting of higher ideals. Now the first element of a noble character is a reverence for *Justice*. Cruelty will not exist where the highest conception of equity finds lodgment.

Is it not possible to make higher ideals than those which so often dominate college life, to eradicate a tendency to brutal amusements and sports? It is probable that much might be accomplished in this direction if we could

induce interested attention to problems pertaining to reform. Much, surely, might be accomplished through the offer of prizes for essays on subjects pertaining to humanitarian ideals. What might not be done, if some philanthropist, like Mr. Carnegie, by the establishment of a permanent fund, should enable the humane societies every year, to offer cash prizes of \$500, or even \$1,000, for the best essays on some subject relating to humanitarianism in its widest sense. The good which might result in perpetuity, through the establishment of a fund of, say, a hundred thousand dollars, is certainly beyond human estimate. Such a prize would induce the attention of the brightest minds in every American college or university to problems that, from them, receive little or no attention. The benefit of such competition would not pertain merely to the winners; it would come through the directed attention of a multitude of young men, scattered throughout the country, to humane problems of vast importance. Such rewards in way of prizes would not be merely for literary expression; the essays should involve research into existing evils, and suggestions for reform. Take, for instance, the condition of cattle on the Western plains, or the methods of animal butchery for our food supply. Are there not evils here which might be prevented, if public opinion would only demand reform? What might not be the result if young men, belonging to the higher institutions of learning in every state, were investigating these questions and bringing their powers of observation and judgment to the consideration of these problems? From similar investigations have come great results. When, in 1785, the University of Cambridge offered a prize for the best essay on the question, "Whether it be Allowable to Hold Human Beings in Slavery," no one could have dreamed that from that simple prize, through the investigations it induced, should come the final downfall of African slavery throughout the civilized world.

IV. Humane Education by Means of the Press.

In shaping public opinion, and in the creation and promulgation of humane ideals, it is impossible to realize the potency of the press. Who of us can measure the power of a great newspaper in forming public judgment upon questions of policy or of right and wrong? Because of its potency, the humane societies have always placed great value upon the printed page. A study of their literature, going back many years, shows that they have attacked the evils pertaining to cruelty in every direction, and their leaflets and pamphlets have been disseminated throughout the entire world. Whatever imperfection pertains to this branch of humane work is due solely to the inadequacy of funds,—not to lack of comprehension of evils or of willingness to attack them. No contribution to benevolent ends can equal in power for good, the opportunity for an increased influence of the press in the promotion of this cause. Let me make a suggestion:

In a presidential campaign, each of the leading political parties issues a handbook, presenting facts and suggesting justifiable conclusions. Might not a similar compilation be of value in the campaign against cruelty? Suppose we had a handbook presenting the different questions at issue, and calling attention to abuses needing reform, in such plain and simple statements, that consideration would end in conviction. What, for instance, are the realities of the slaughterhouses? What is the truth about vivisection? How can we remedy the condition of animals that winter in semi-starvation on the Western ranges? What can be done to lessen the cruelties of transit from field to slaughterhouse? Many an editor would turn to such compilation for facts which are now beyond his reach at the time he desires them.

W. B.

OUR BATTLESHIPS.

From earliest time man, with his fellow man
Has fought for lust, for gain, on land and sea;
Fought with his naked hands or branch of tree;
Or, from some hollow trunk, a boat began
To hollow, that would further still his clan
In conquest. Ages passed, less peacefully
As he increased still more war's panoply,
Nor thought of Brotherhood as God's great plan.

But now, how changed! With every new device
On shore or sea to further war's alarm,
Our country takes the lead to bring surcease
Of tears and broken hearts—war's awful price!
Around the world our flag will strife disarm,
Floating from ships of—war? No! Ships of
Peace. ALICE HARRIMAN.

A NEW WAY TO WAGE WAR.

Take this matter of war and of preparation for war. We who believe that it will be ere long regarded as the most extraordinary delusion of history, we who have faith to believe that if at this moment the President and the Congress of the United States and all the newspapers and all the ministers and all those who profess to follow the Prince of Peace—that is to say, all the Christians and all the women, the mothers and sisters of men—should unanimously declare that from this time forth not another dollar should be spent for warships, that all the forts should be dismantled and turned into public parks, that the billions which it had been intended to put into smokeless powder and costly cannon and quickly perishing cruisers, shall be released and used for the benefit of the world, how long would it be before there would be such a clamor from the army-ridden nations of Europe to follow the beneficent example that the blind leaders of the blind would have to heed it. What an effect it would have on China which has lived through centuries with no army, and which is certainly taking a step backwards when under the leadership of German officers it is desperately trying to come into line with the belligerent nations!

Suppose an invasion should threaten us? Suppose the women of the country—the girls and the young matrons—should put on white dresses and with waving white flags of peace go to meet the hostile army and say, "Come and feast with us, come and dance with us, come, we offer you a festival of joy? After you have eaten with us and tasted the fruits of our land then we will settle this petty question which is only a misunderstanding!" This is not utopian. This is only common sense.

Let us cease, then, building warships! Why should not we—the great country of the Pilgrims—be the first to set the example of disarming? We don't want warships. They are wasteful, costly, and inartistic baubles. Spend the money on continent-crossing roads. Put an end to this clamor for work on the part of the unemployed. Endow universities, schools, museums; build magnificent public edifices; educate the people in humanity and art and science. They are hungry for it. How many men have graduated from Harvard and Yale and Princeton and Cornell and all the other universities? And yet one year's expenditures on our big navy swallows up the endowments of all our universities! Think of it!

It is a simple matter to utter a prophecy, and yet how heartbreaking it is! The fruit must not be eaten until it is ripe. The child cannot do the tasks of a man. It takes years, perhaps centuries to educate a nation. But the time is coming when our children will say: How blind were our fathers to believe in war and the necessity of war!

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE,
in *New England Magazine*.

Every dollar spent for humane education is a dollar spent for the prevention of wars, incendiary fires, railroad wrecks, and every form of cruelty and crime.



Courtesy of The Perry Pictures Co., Malden, Mass.

From Painting by J. Hofner.

IN THE HIGHLANDS.

ENGLAND'S NAVAL BOOMERANG.

There are certain aspects in which it may reasonably be said that Great Britain has only herself to thank for the position in which she finds herself. It is perfectly clear by now, and as time goes on it will be clearer still, that she made an egregious mistake in inventing and building Dreadnoughts. In the old designs of ship she possessed, and could without too much difficulty maintain an enormous lead. It was not to her interests to initiate a new type. If any other nation had conceived a Dreadnought, then England would have been bound to follow, and if possible improve upon the example thus set. But it was none of her business to set the example herself, to give a new spurt to naval competition and to invent a type of ship so manifestly superior to all other types as to make them not indeed obsolete, but ineffective by comparison. It is now pretty clearly proved that the building of the Dreadnought instituted a new scale and standard of naval rivalry, which, instead of re-enforcing, positively injures Great Britain's ascendancy at sea. The Dreadnoughts being in a class by themselves, the stress of competition has been practically doubled. All nations, with feverish unanimity, have taken to building them; a vast amount of expenditure that would otherwise have been postponed or avoided is thus being incurred; new harbors, bases and docks have to be constructed for the reception and protection of these monsters; England's

start is only a matter of a year or two, and the demand is inevitably made that in Dreadnoughts as well as in all other classes of warship the two-power standard shall be maintained. Thus by her own action, through her own lack of forethought, Great Britain finds herself committed to a struggle absolutely unprecedented for magnitude and expense in all naval history. Three years ago her mastery of the sea was beyond challenge. By introducing a wholly new weapon she threw away her unparalleled advantage, put all powers more or less on an equality with herself, and will have to make superhuman if not ruinous efforts to regain anything like her old position. She behaved much as she would behave today if she were to invent a flying machine really effective against battle-ships. Ships would then no longer count; all nations would start on equal or almost equal terms, and British superiority at sea would vanish at a stroke.—SYDNEY BROOKS, in *Harper's Weekly*.

THE DIFFERENCE.

A thousand men as one are slain—'tis naught;
No human brother must by thee be slain.
'Tis well! 'tis ill! It is as we are taught;
This act is glorious war; that, murder plain!
A thousand men each side—they meet, they clash,
They kill—for private vengeance all unfain;
Thou diest—if thou slay in anger rash!—
One act is glorious war; one, murder plain!

EDITH M. THOMAS, in *Collier's Weekly*.



This picture, taken by a *Boston Journal* photographer on one of the hottest days of June, shows a work-horse wearing the M. S. P. C. A. hat.

RED ACRE FARM PROSPERS.

We are pleased to learn of the continued prosperity of Red Acre Farm, at Stow, Massachusetts, and that, with increased funds at its disposal, the Farm is now able to offer free board in deserving cases. This charitable home and hospital for horses has been a success from the start, under the able management of Miss Harriet G. Bird. Recently the directors have been circulating a handsome placard, calling attention to the fact that the Home offers pasturage and stabling for horses in need of rest or treatment. Applications are received by Mr. E. F. Coldwell, 30 Chardon street, Boston.

ANNUAL WORK-HORSE PARADE.

The Boston Work-Horse Parade, held on Memorial Day this year, surpassed all previous exhibitions in the number of entries, appearance of horses, and public attendance. Over eleven hundred horses in forty-four classes formed a procession six miles in length, which required over four hours to pass the reviewing stand, every horse not only a credit to its employer but a faithful witness to the kindness and careful treatment of its drivers and keepers.

With each succeeding parade there is manifested an increasing regard for the work-horse whose welfare the Boston Association has so markedly promoted in the past seven years.

IMPORTANCE OF THE HORSE.

The automobile has failed to banish the horse. There is a ready market for him everywhere. He has been crowded out of some lines, but in other directions he is more sought after than ever. Whatever drop there has been in the price of horseflesh has not been caused by the introduction of motor cars, but by the financial depression which compelled owners to sacrifice their animals at a time when the demand was at the lowest.

The tendency in this country has been toward the improvement of the horse. The cry is for stock with blood. Several states have recently passed laws which have for their intention the distribution of better grades. The automobile will, in time, have some effect, but it will doubtless be for the good of the horse. He will be relieved of the awful slavery of heavy hauling, of the frightful work of constructing camps, and the vigilance of the police and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will make the ownership of dying and starving horses more and more a matter of uneasiness and danger.

The beauty and worth and faithfulness of horses is becoming better appreciated and, with their displacement as agents of transportation, they will enter into their day of freedom and ease, emancipated by invention and exalted by an enlightened sense of kindness and affection.—*Toledo Blade*.

IF I WERE IN THY PLACE.

Original Prize Declamation at Boston Latin School, June, 1909.

Aha! the trap is sprung, and now I'll find
The thief that's stealing chickens from the roost!
What sneaking prowler of the night is caught?
Perhaps a skunk or weasel it will be.
There is a sudden movement in the grass.
The chain draws taut. A glimpse of yellow fur!
Perhaps I've caught—I have—It is a fox!
Thou art the thief, I've caught thee fair and fast.
A sly old rogue art thou, and seldom seen,
Though often has thy bark been heard at dusk.
Why did'st thy hunger lead thee to this spot?
Could not the teeming forest yield thee food?
The partridge or the rabbit is thy prey.
Such glossy fur as thine I never saw,
'Twould make a splendid trophy for my den.
It is not red—though often such 'tis called,
But golden yellow like the sun at dawn.
No sound betrays the pain that thou must feel.
What other creature could such torture bear?
Don't pull so at the chain and tear thy wound,
Those deep sunk iron teeth are merciless.
Ah! here comes mother; what a great surprise
When she sees this! "Well, here's your chicken
thief,
A fine big fox.—You think he is in pain?
And bleeding too?—Why, yes, I fear he is.
What, bathe it? What's the use of doing that?
I'm going to shoot him now, and end his pain.
What, bathe it first? I think I read your mind;
I'll do it, just to please you, if you say.
He might reward me with a vicious snap.
I'll hold him with this mat, you bathe his wound.
There, now I have him firm. Be gentle there."
Thy little body trembles at each touch.
Thine eyes accuse me of a sorry deed.
Poor little creature, art thou, after all.
A cruel fate it is that thou hast met.
I cannot bear to think how it would be
If I were in thy place, my little fox.
That cruel trap has held thy paw too long,
And now I'll ease the spring and free thy foot.
One moment thou shalt have without such pain,
And then the gun; but no! 'tis useless now.
I've done so much for thee, I must do more.
'Twas not my plan to save thy little life,
'Twas she who planned and gives thee thy release.
Hereafter elsewhere seek thy prey. Now, go!
One backward glance. That is enough to show
That thou art grateful to us after all.
How fast thy limping gait doth measure space.
The garden is between us; and once more
The woods, thy home, my little fox, are thine!
HARVARD NORTON, '09.

West Roxbury, Mass.

(Written for *Our Dumb Animals*.)

A TIMELY RESCUE.

On a Sunday afternoon walk my brother and I were enjoying the beautiful sunshine, noting the bird songs, the flowers, and trees in full bloom, when looking up we saw a robin hanging by his head to one of the branches of a tree. He seemed to be dead but my brother decided to rescue him, if alive or if dead, to see what caused him to be in such a strange position, as though he were trying to commit suicide.

He climbed the tree, broke off the branch, and found the bird was caught by a small thread around his neck. He was evidently bringing this thread to some place for a nest and while flying along the thread became entangled on a knot on the tree and threw him so it fastened around his head and held him in that position.

We cut the thread and the poor bird's head dropped back as if he were dead, but we got some water and dropped in his mouth and he soon revived sufficiently to be coaxed to drink; then we hunted around for angleworms which he ate and when we came away he was sitting on an old log looking very contented and quite thankful he escaped such a queer death, and doubtless was but little happier than we, for if "every kind word we give to a dumb animal or bird makes us happier," surely the kind act that saves the life will do more.

E. A. M.

Binghamton, N. Y.

(Written for *Our Dumb Animals*.)

THE MARTINS' COMING OUT PARTY.

We have the finest martin box in town. In the summer when the little birds are first taught to fly, it is the liveliest place I know. I saw a brood of young martins introduced into society there last year. It was quite as important a social event as any human debutante's tea could ever be.

All the martins from far and near were invited. I watched them come, new ones arriving on every gust of wind. The bird house is near the barn, so the top of the barn became naturally the great ball room.

On the roof is a cupola, and on the cupola is a gilded weather vane, which served the martins for a reviewing stand. There were many interesting special "features" introduced into the evening's entertainment; tournaments, winged contests for prizes of admiration, all sorts of races, short dashes around the chimneys of neighboring houses, long flights to the hills and back, soaring ascensions to a far off cloud.

The old birds seemed to be exerting themselves to impress the youngsters, and the new little martins exhibited a proper degree of respect and appreciation. They loved the show.

One fine old Beau Brummel of the bird colony, wearing an elegant suit of deep indigo feathers, was evidently a universal favorite, and I fancied I saw signs of incipient jealousy among the young martins not so sumptuously attired. The Beau had the air of addressing the assemblage with "Now, watch me!" Then he darted off, swept suddenly straight down, caught a moth, turned sharply, caught another winged insect, and then with the speed of a humming bird, he disappeared. I thought the wind had blown him away, but as the young birds seemed quite as interested as ever, I suppose he was simply out of my sight. In a minute there was a flutter of wings over my head like a fanfare of trumpets, and down came the old bird, turning back somersaults, his mouth full of bugs which he gallantly presented to the young ladies.

There were many such displays of skill, so many I could not follow them all. There was really too much going on at once. One unfortunate accident occurred, which I will relate though the birds did not seem to take any notice of the affair one way or the other. It happened very suddenly. There was a foolhardy over-smart young martin, who had been trying all the afternoon to attract attention. Eventually he sailed from a great height straight for the barn at a tremendous speed. He seemed to be dropping down. All the birds fluttered and whispered among themselves as if they were saying, "That foolish young thing is going to show us what a sudden stop he can make!" He may have miscalculated the distance, or he may have been crossed in love. Who knows? But—he struck the lightning rod and impaled himself on it! He must have died instantly. He never even quivered; and there his body remained until it fell the prey of some prowling cat later on. There was no panic, apparently not even any great excitement among the birds, just a fluttering for a moment, and then the games went on. Martins are so stoic. They are real philosophers. It seemed a terrible fate to me, but they did not even miss their little comrade, whose bravado—or whose broken heart, perhaps—had ended his brief career.

The sun went down on the festivities.



HIGHLAND CATTLE.

Courtesy of The Photographic Times.

Large clouds were gathering in the west that threatened rain. The oldest birds, more cautious than the rest, gathered their little ones about them ready to take home. One by one the guests departed, and our little martins retired to their box by the side of the barn. A few of the younger birds, enamored youths we will suppose, waited around the gilded horn on the top of the weather vane yet a little longer. The twilight fell. The martin family grew quiet within the little bird house, and by and by I saw a young blade making his way, a trifle crookedly, as if his thoughts were not all on his flight toward the town. Presently he was out of sight behind the pine trees in the west. Night had fallen and the Martins' Coming Out Party was over.

Paris.

FRANCIS B. SHEAFER.

CIVILIZED BUTCHERY.

Numerous articles have been written and statistics compiled regarding the number of feathered songsters that are slain every year to satisfy the demands of a cruel fashion. We add our own small voice to the plea for mercy. We are amazed—we of twentieth century civilization—at the cruel deformities practiced by certain savage tribes because tradition demands such practices. Yet we, not in the service of a pious tradition, but in obedience to an idle fashion, butcher hundreds of thousands of bright-plumed birds every year. Who is to blame? In style, as in all else, the public gets what the public wants. No woman wears a dead bird on her hat because she is forced to do so! She wears it because she wants it. And just so long as women want dead birds on their hats, just so long will the slaughter of the innocents go on.—*The Week-End*.

HORSES IN BELGIUM.

Horse fairs, held almost continuously, have helped to make Belgium the greatest horse-breeding country of its size in the world. The fairs are largely attended by foreign buyers, especially Germans, who purchase 25,000 horses a year at these exhibitions. It is estimated that there are now 300,000 horses in Belgium, a country not quite as large as the state of Maryland, which has just about half that number of horses.

STARVATION OF CATTLE.

Pitiful Story of Last Winter's Suffering on the Colorado Ranges.

"We found one steer on a hill perhaps 1,500 feet above Plateau creek and four or five miles northwest of Mesa. There is nothing unusual about him. He was merely a type of thousands of range cattle which have perished this winter in this state. He was still alive. We found him as we rode over a little knoll. The other man said, 'Dead?' I said, 'No.'

"He had fallen from weakness, for he was only a skeleton, and lay on his right side with his head downhill and in a cactus bed. In his efforts to get on his feet he had pawed furrows almost a foot deep with his fore and hind feet, and his head, many times raised and falling back, had beaten down the cactus spines flat.

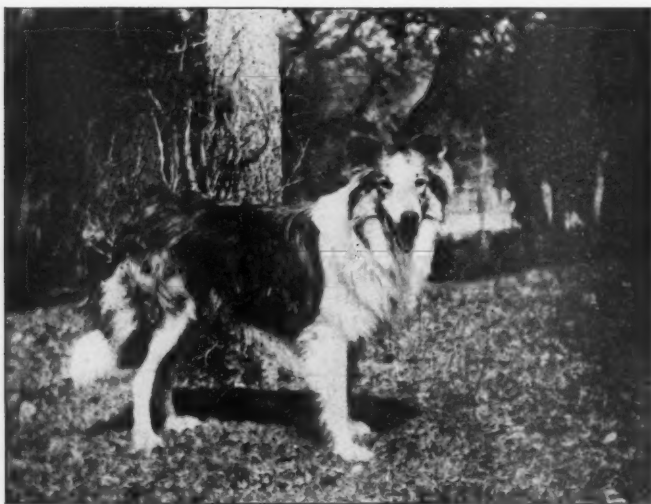
"We seized his tail and head and tried to raise him, but he was too far gone, and it was trying to lift a dead weight. It was most pitiful. He seemed to know we were trying to help him and tried to help us by thrusting out his nose toward us, like a dog with a broken leg. His right eye was red and bloodshot from beating down the cactus when his head fell back on it. His left eye was festered, and protruded beyond the lid. My companions said he had probably lain there three days and might live the day through.

"It was 9 o'clock in the morning. The sun shone hot, it was dry and dusty and there was no water nor a blade of grass within miles, so I handed my gun to the other man and we killed him.

"On this trip of five days I rode probably 175 miles, all the time in company with some stockmen, in the Plateau Valley country. We saw probably 5,000 head of cattle.

"There was no feed whatever. The stock had been kept late in the spring on the winter range before sending them up on the summer range. In the fall the snow came and fell deep in the upper mountains—two months earlier than usual—and there was no winter range left to bring them back to.

"We saw hundreds of dead animals and there were, of course, hundreds more back in the gulches and arroyos. I saw fifty-seven carcasses along the river and creek between Palisade and Mesa."—From Report of State Officer F. G. McConnell.



CRAFTSMAN II., OWNED BY MRS. CHAS. STEPHENSON, AUSTIN, TEXAS.

(Written for *Our Dumb Animals*.)

TRUE STORIES OF PET DOGS.

Dogs have the brains, but whether they give proof of it depends entirely upon our treatment of them. We had a collie given to us when a puppy that learned to do many things; one was to go up stairs every afternoon and bring down a shawl that was done up in a strap and laid on a certain chair. When he grew to a big dog our lawn was too small for him to get the necessary exercise, so we gave him back to his former owner. After being away for three months, he was brought back to see us. I felt curious to know whether he would remember some of the things that had been taught him, and concluded to test him with the shawl. I had it placed in the same chair and room where he had been in the habit of getting it. After he had been in the house a few minutes I said, "Robin, you go up stairs and get my shawl." He looked at me, but did not move. Then I repeated what I had said. He darted off up stairs and came running down with it in his mouth and handed it to me. We all felt like applauding him.

Another proof that animals think was given by a little skye terrier who did everything but talk. There was a fence around the lawn and he was never allowed to go out alone, but in the spring when the ground was soft he would dig a hole under the fence and go on a little outing. One day he was discovered digging. I knocked on the window and said, "No, Tatters." He looked up at me, then deliberately went around back of the house and began to make another hole. In front of his home was an open field and across that was a house where this same little dog had a fancy for calling, and where he knew we objected to his going. He was scolded for disobeying, and finally given a gentle chastisement. We flattered ourselves he was conquered at last, but his fertile brain was equal to the occasion. Missing him one day, we saw him going up the street. Then he went around the block till he got to the house, where he stayed for half an hour, then came back home the same way, instead of taking a short cut across the field as he had been in the habit of doing, and where he knew we would be sure to see him. H. V.

Elizabeth, N. J.

Recently a strange dog, a mongrel, came to the home of Lowe Palmer, a farmer, who was going to get rid of it. However, when the dog grabbed his three-year-old daughter just as a freight train was about to run over her, he concluded that it was a good dog.—*Globe (Arizona) Republican*.

DOG SAVES GIRL FROM DEATH.

Animal Swims Ashore from Overturned Boat and Summons Prompt Assistance.

Sausalito, Cal.—Miss Carol Sheldon, of Reno, Nev., went rowing in the bay early this morning before the remainder of the family she was visiting had arisen.

As usual she took her shepherd dog, Squire, with her in the light skiff and was enjoying the row immensely when the 6.45 ferryboat from San Francisco approached the Sausalito landing. The waves caused by the ferry rocked the light craft occupied by the girl to an alarming degree, exciting both Miss Sheldon and the dog. In her efforts to prevent the animal from leaping overboard Miss Sheldon leaned too heavily upon the gunwale, and the boat capsized. When she arose to the surface the girl grasped the edge of the upturned boat and called for assistance, but her cries went unheeded.

Knowing that she could not remain long in the water, she looked about for some means of reaching land. Her dog, Squire, was swimming in circles about his young mistress, loth to leave her in her dangerous position. Sight of him gave the plucky girl a fortunate idea, and calling the animal to her side she succeeded in tying a bit of ribbon from her hair to his collar.

"Go home, Squire!" she commanded sternly, and although the loyal dog would not obey at first he finally turned his head toward the shore. The intelligent shepherd went direct to the home of Miss Sheldon's sister on the hill overlooking the bay.

Newton Faucet, a mining man of Reno, and intimate friend of the family, had just gone out on the veranda to admire the view. He was considerably puzzled at the strange antics of the dog, which barked frantically, and after running a short distance down the path to the shore would return and seem to beg Faucet to follow. Finally Faucet noticed the ribbon on the dog's collar, and knowing it was Miss Sheldon's habit to take an early row in the bay, he accompanied the excited dog to the beach.

Miss Sheldon had been anxiously waiting, and when she saw her dog returning with a man she renewed her calls for help. Faucet procured a small boat and went to her assistance. Although numb from the cold, the young woman reached the shore suffering no serious effects from her experience.—*San Francisco Call*.

Mrs. Emma Sargent's St. Bernard, Jack, carried the money to the town clerk's office, got his own license and brought it home.—*Plymouth (N. H.) Record*.

CANINE IMMORTALITY.

And they have drowned thee then at last! poor Phillis!

The burden of old age was heavy on thee, And yet thou shouldst have lived! What though thine eye

Was dim, and watched no more with eager joy The wonted call that on thy dull sense sunk With fruitless repetition, the warm sun Might still have cheered thy slumber: thou didst love

To lick the hand that fed thee, and though past Youth's active season, even life itself Was comfort. Poor old friend! how earnestly Would I have pleaded for thee! thou hadst been Still the companion of my childish sports:

And as I roamed o'er Avon's woody cliffs, From many a day-dream has thy short quick bark Recalled my wandering soul. I have beguiled Often the melancholy hours at school,

Soured by some little tyrant, with the thought Of distant home, and I remembered then Thy faithful fondness: for not mean the joy, Returning at the pleasant holidays,

I felt from thy dumb welcome. Pensively Sometimes have I remarked thy slow decay, Feeling myself changed too, and musing much On many a sad vicissitude of life!

Ah, poor companion! when thou followdest last Thy master's parting footsteps to the gate Which closed forever on him, thou didst lose Thy truest friend, and none was left to plead For the old age of brute fidelity!

But fare thee well! Mine is no narrow creed; And He who gave thee being did not frame The mystery of life to be the sport

Of merciless man! There is another world For all that live and move—a better one!

Where the proud bipeds, who would fain confine Infinite goodness to the little bounds Of their own charity, may envy thee!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

HIS MASTER'S SUCCESSOR.

Forming a touching illustration of a dog's devotion to a dead master is Bob, "the unsalaried trackwalker" of the Northern Pacific Railroad in Tacoma, says the *Seattle Times*.

Following the route of his dead master, who walked tracks and tended switch lights for the Northern Pacific in the local yards, and who was killed by a switch engine more than a month ago, Bob, the pet dog of the family of William H. Gehring, 2801 South J street, continues to patrol the tracks and guard the lamps, although his master has answered the call to the Great Beyond.

No amount of coaxing, bribe offers of meat, or even a collar and chain can prevent this little faithful, brown, shaggy dog from going to work each day and returning home with the setting sun on the same hours of his dead master's arrivals and departures.

"Bob, the Trackwalker," as he has been nicknamed by the railroad men, is not a dog with blood or pedigree, but just a plain dog. His ears are scarred from many battles and his stub of a tail wags pathetically when he is petted. He was given to one of the Gehring children four years ago because his owner could not see anything in him but just plain dog. The owner did not look beyond the skin and he missed the big, grateful heart.

It is Bob's daily habit to leave home at 7.30 o'clock in the morning and return shortly after 4 p. m. Between the time he leaves home and returns he is on the job every minute. He goes over the same ground covered by his dead master, and when tired lies in front of the shanty that was used by the trackwalker. By growling and showing vicious rows of teeth the dog guards this shanty during the noon hour.

Bob has found a warm spot in the heart of every employe of the Northern Pacific with whom he has come in contact. The sight of the shaggy, dirty little animal trotting up and down the tracks each day brings tears to the men's eyes, and, at meal hours switchmen and flagmen vie with each other in looking after his welfare.



SWANS ON ITALIAN LAKE.

SWANS IN NESTING TIME.

A swan on her nest guarded by her mate is a rather unusual and interesting sight which may be seen on the shore of a little pond that belongs to a charming estate in a little Cape Cod village. During the five weeks' incubation of the eight big blue eggs the mutual care which these two huge birds give the coming family is a most curious and interesting study. The mother bird naturally attends to most of the brooding, but when she wishes to leave the immense elevated nest to feed or stretch her legs for a short time she gives a peculiar cry which the male bird immediately responds to, assuming her place on the nest as soon as she leaves it. During hatching time the mother bird remains on the nest continuously and the male bird brings her food in his bill, laying it on the bank where she can reach it with her long white neck. Not until the last cygnet is out of the shell and well dried off does she venture to move, and then the whole family takes to the water rejoicing.—*Boston Transcript*.

CARE OF AGED ANIMALS.

Statisticians assure us that the mean duration of life in man has increased by fully seven years in the last half-century. Whether our domestic animals share in this advance is a point not easily ascertainable; though they must certainly benefit from the greater care generally bestowed upon them, and from the increased efforts made to understand and supply their wants.

Of all aged animals the horse and the dog appeal most nearly to human sympathies. It is not merely that they have been our faithful servants and friends, but there is a gravity, and almost a dignity, in their bearing which is very touching. Many agencies are now at work for teaching the policy as well as the duty of kindness to animals; and of these, the sight of an old servitor loyally bestowed in paddock or kennel is not the least instructive. Nor need a charge of this kind be without profit. The care of our four-footed friends in their declining years may furnish many valuable hints for the treatment of their still serviceable fellows.—*St. James Gazette*.

To be competent to decide rightly respecting this matter of vivisection, it is not necessary that we be experts in medical or other science, or able to judge accurately the value or otherwise of knowledge said to have been gained through it, our decision must be based on the due consideration of the *ethical* and *spiritual*, rather than the merely utilitarian bearings of the subject, and here the layman stands on an equality with the expert.

ROBERT H. PERKS, M.D., F.R.C.S.

A SUDDEN SHOWER.

Barfooted boys scud up the street,
Or skurry under sheltering sheds;
And school-girl faces pale and sweet,
Gleam from the shawls about their heads.
Doors bang; and mother voices call
From alien homes; and rusty gates
Are slammed; and high above it all
The thunder grim reverberates.
And then abrupt, the rain! the rain!
The earth lies gasping; and the eyes
Behind the streaming window panes
Smile at the trouble of the skies.
The highway smokes, sharp echoes ring;
The cattle bawl and cow-bells clank;
And into town comes galloping
The farmer's horse with steaming flank.
The swallow dips beneath the eaves,
And flirts his plumes and folds his wings;
And under the catwaba leaves
The caterpillar curls and clings.
The bumblebee is pelted down
The wet stem of the hollyhock;
And sullenly in spattered brown
The cricket leaps the garden walk,
Within, the baby claps his hands
And crows with rapture strange and vague;
Without, beneath the rose bush stands
A dripping rooster on one leg.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

(Written for *Our Dumb Animals*.)

NEST-BUILDING PARTNERSHIP.

Shall I tell you how a pair of orioles took me into partnership with them in nest-building in June? They chose for a site one of the elms in front of the house and the end of a limb that drooped to a level with my window where I could sit and easily watch the proceedings.

They began the frame work, but strings seemed to be scarce and the foundation grew slowly. I had a full supply of twine, some of which I broke into convenient lengths, and threw over the low growing shoots of the elm trunks. They watched me closely, and when I got back to the piazza they nodded to me as if to say, "Thank you." In three or four minutes they had carried up to the nest six lengths of twine. It took fifteen or twenty minutes to wind them about the twigs and weave them in and out and shape them. Then I carried out more twine and, in less time than I can tell it, that was also carried up to the nest, and so I continued to supply strings till they had all they needed. Then they felt in the filling without my aid, and the nest was quickly completed.

The parents have gone to the woods with their little ones, but every day or two the male comes back to the trees and utters a note or two to tell me all is well.

Boston.

T.

(From *Quarterly Bulletin* of Oakland, Cal., S. P. C. A.)

TREATMENT OF ANIMALS IN ITALY.

In Italy, one looks for cruelty to animals—and finds it. Yet, I found the Italians to be a kind-hearted people, and especially fond of animals. Here, more than in any country I visited, with the exception of Egypt, cruelty is the direct result of ignorance and poverty. The poorer classes themselves lead such hard lives that it would be surprising if they gave their animals a better lot. Yet in Italian towns, and particularly in Florence and Rome, there is hardly a shop so tiny, a home so obscure that it does not shelter a pet cat, dog or bird, well kept and cared for. I think I am safe in saying that every church in Rome has one cat, and some of them a great many more. They look altogether too well fed to live entirely upon church mice. As a matter of fact, the priests and monks are fond of them, and frequently make great pets of these companions of their solitude.

I never saw more magnificent cats than those of Rome. Shall I ever forget the beautiful white Angora of the Aventine, whose favorite couch was a bed of white narcissus in a sunny angle of the old monastery wall? Or black Massimo with the golden eyes—the pride of the "43 Centesimi Store," on the Corso? These were friends to be remembered; and so was Pietro, the blind beggar dog of the great square of St. Peter's.

The ruins of Trajan's Forum abound in cats. No one molests them. Tourists amuse themselves by tossing them scraps, and in the tourist season, at least, their lot seems an ideal one. I counted nineteen, one day, sunning themselves on the broken columns and capitals of the great Emperor's tomb. How long, I wonder, in an American city, would the ubiquitous small boy refrain from making them his targets? Fortunately for these contented Toms and Tabbies, the combination of mischievous small boy and sling-shot or air gun seems unknown in Rome.

Horses, donkeys and cows have hard lives in Italy. Often the cows are kept in dark, cave-like stables and are very poorly fed, as evidenced by the quality of milk they yield. This treatment is due to poverty and ignorance of sanitary conditions. Many families in Italy live in quarters where one would hesitate to place a cow.

The poor little donkeys are ill-fed, beaten, and exposed to all kinds of weather. They are terribly galled by the strap that passes under the body, to steady the two-wheeled cart behind, which otherwise would tip backward. This is due, so I am told, to the fact that the government taxes four-wheeled carts. I can readily believe this to be true, as in Italy the most unlikely things are taxed.

The drivers pay no attention to these galled places, saying that it is inevitable, and the sooner it becomes calloused, the sooner the animal will cease to suffer. When an animal falls lame, little is done for it. Probably the owner does not know what to do.

One of the most promising features of the humane work in Rome is the interest taken in it by the present Pope.

The Society is terribly hampered by lack of money. If tourists, who deplore conditions in Italian cities, instead of giving alms to every beggar who demands it, would, on leaving, send a small sum of money to the local Humane Society, or some other worthy charity, they would do much good, and cease to do much harm. The Italian government despairs of educating its people to self respect and self support so long as tourists continue their indiscriminate and mischievous almsgiving.

ADELAIDE SOULE.

OUR CREED and the creed of our "American Humane Education Society," as it appears on its battle flags, its badges, and its official seal, is "GLORY TO GOD," "PEACE ON EARTH," "KINDNESS, JUSTICE AND MERCY TO EVERY LIVING CREATURE."

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Founded by GEO. T. ANGELL in 1868.

Boston, July, 1909.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary, 19 Milk St.

SUBSCRIBERS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution only, can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

Our *American Humane Education Society* sends this paper this month to the editors of the twenty-two thousand, five hundred newspapers and magazines published on this continent north of Mexico.

Our Dumb Animals also goes regularly to all members of our two Humane Societies; to the executive officers of all the Humane Societies throughout the entire world; large numbers of subscribers in our own and foreign countries; thousands of our Bands of Mercy in our own and other countries; members of our National Congress; presidents of all American colleges and universities north of Mexico; writers, speakers, teachers, and many others in various states and territories.

In Massachusetts it goes to several thousands of business firms and men; all clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic; all lawyers, physicians, bank presidents and cashiers, postmasters, school superintendents; large numbers of writers, speakers and teachers; about 500 of the Society's agents in almost every city and town; Bands of Mercy; many subscribers and others; the Boston police; the legislature; hundreds of coachmen, drivers and teamsters; the editors of all newspapers and other publications; many newspaper reporters.

SUMMER HATS FOR HORSES.

A local newspaper argues that it is better for both horses and humans to go without hats in summer, because a French scientist has found that the temperature of a horse is less without a hat than with one. But this editor does not announce his intention of facing the summer sun without a hat, and does not seem to realize that in spite of a higher temperature the animal or man may be better off with some protection from sunstroke. Dr. W. Blair Reid, veterinarian and pathologist of the New York Zoological Park, says that the use of a horse sunbonnet is horse sense. This is the opinion of our Massachusetts agents, and our Society will continue to give out hats like the one shown on page 20 of this issue to those who care to call for them.

We urge that on no account should sponges be used under these hats, for the minute the water is absorbed the sponge serves to make the head hotter instead of cooler. In hot weather horses should be allowed to drink four times a day. It is also well to sponge off their heads, ears, nostrils, and necks with cold water at the same time. "Water is the first great need of every animal during the summer months."

The fourth International Congress of the World League for the Protection of Animals and against Vivisection will be held in London from July 19 to 23. The program for the convention includes addresses and discussions by many eminent scientists, clergymen, doctors, and members of Parliament. Representatives of societies in many countries will be in attendance.

CITY OF BOSTON.

In Common Council, April 15, 1909.

Whereas, It has pleased the Giver of Life to take from this earth George T. Angell,

Resolved, That of such as he it may be truly said that, however great their span of life, their taking away is untimely.

Resolved, That by his death the men and women and children of our community are the poorer.

Resolved, That his example and precepts made humanity as much his debtor as the dumb beasts he loved.

Resolved, That the history of Boston boasts no prouder name than that of George T. Angell.

Resolved, That the City Clerk be directed to transmit a copy of these resolutions to the relatives of the deceased, in token of the appreciation of the Boston City Council of the Friend of Humanity and the Dumb Beast.

Adopted unanimously by a rising vote. Sent up for concurrence.

GEORGE C. MCCABE, President.

In Board of Aldermen, April 26, 1909.

Concurred unanimously by a rising vote.

FREDERICK J. BRAND, Chairman.

Approved May 1, 1909.

G. A. HIBBARD, Mayor.

A true copy.

Attest: JOHN T. PRIEST,
City Clerk.

[Seal of City of Boston.]

WILD BIRDS IN CITY PARKS.

The board of park commissioners of Kansas City, Mo., recognize the importance of preserving the wild birds in the public parkways. They have passed resolutions making it a duty of all employees in the department to become familiar with the appearance, habits, and economic values of the birds, and that, beginning with the next fiscal year, such employees and those who shall seek positions in the future, must be qualified to pass an examination on the wild birds described in the Bird Booklet, issued by the Humane Society.

Other cities, we believe, which are giving heed to economic considerations, will follow the excellent example of Kansas City and take similar action.

In another column of this issue we learn how a well-known German saved the trees on his extensive estate from the ravages of moths which destroyed his neighbor's orchards, by having homes provided for thousands of birds.

A large part of the work of maintaining park systems and public grounds may well be abandoned, if the birds therein are not to be protected and preserved.

PATRIOTISM AND POWDER.

A Boston daily called attention to the fact that during the celebration on June 17 the number of persons injured equalled the number who were wounded at the battle of Bunker Hill.

The figures are startling. At this rate the casualty list for the whole country on the glorious Fourth of July may be expected to approximate the number of those wounded in the war of the Revolution. The annual observance of the nation's birthday brings sadness as well as joy. It is not without pain and suffering, or even loss of life and destruction of property. Can we not give expression to patriotic feeling or commemorate great deeds and important events with less danger to life and limb, and would our patriotism be less sincere and dignified if we should eliminate the noise and the danger? Or is it something synonymous with pandemonium and powder?

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

THE ANGELL MEMORIAL BUILDING.

The call of the special committee to consider a memorial building to perpetuate the influence and work of George T. Angell, appointed from the board of directors of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and of the American Humane Education Society, appears on the first page of this issue.

It is the first testing of the public sentiment on the matter. Many letters from correspondents widely scattered through the country have recently made inquiries and suggestions concerning the projected memorial. All readers of this paper for years past must have been made aware of Mr. Angell's hope and desire to see at some future day a slightly building, devoted to the uses of the Societies, standing on some commanding site in the city of Boston.

This was no personal foible but a legitimate and sagacious move in his propaganda. Those nearest to Mr. Angell in his daily life and work came to understand fully that, paradoxical as it may seem, all his personalities were really impersonal. It was the same with persons whom he felt called upon to reprove and denounce, or even to prosecute, as with those whom he publicly endorsed—not at all did his word or action concern the personality, but only the representative character, the public influence and the injury, or the aid, as the case might be, a given public man and his conduct might bring to the cause to which he himself had dedicated his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor.

So in thinking of an Angell building, or of a building for humane work, to be his monument standing in the public view for generations as the home and headquarters of his work, and a center of influence from which should flow unceasing and ever-increasing forces for the uplifting of humanity in civilization and character, and forces, too, for the subduing of evil-doers when necessary with the terrors and penalties of the law,—he desired this in no spirit of mere personal vainglory, but wholly impersonally, simply regarding himself, as he did all others, for what his name stood for to the world.

His whole life of self-abnegation and sacrifice of personal indulgences, to its last hours, and his last will and testament, have borne sufficient witness to the utter subordination in his mind of all persons and personal considerations to one absorbing purpose. Only the public cause which possessed him and impelled him to surrender freely all else to it without hesitation or exception, moved him to urge this memorial building.

So extraordinary a character can be adequately commemorated with no ordinary memorials,—no mere tablets of empty eulogy would do justice to his unresting, unselfish, uncalculating labors for the alleviation of all miseries of dumb animals that can as well as not be prevented by organized work to this end;—only a busy headquarters, teeming with activities such as George T. Angell organized and left to our hands, a great building which shall ever publicly proclaim to all the right of our dumb servants to protection,—such is his only fit monument.

E. H. CLEMENT.

NEW SOCIETY IN MEXICO.

We received a very pleasant call one day last month from Mr. James K. Remick, secretary of the Sociedad Protectora de Animales de San Luis Potosi, Mexico. The Society in that city was organized about one year ago and now has one hundred and eighty members. San Luis Potosi has a population of about 80,000. Mr. Remick says that the state of the same name has no laws against cruelty to animals and at present the local society relies upon such city ordinances as it has been able to secure, but he hopes soon to see an effective state law in operation.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, March, 1868.

HON. HENRY B. HILL, President pro tem.;
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;
EBEN. SHUTE, Assistant Treasurer;
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.

Prosecuting Agents in Boston:

JAMES R. HATHAWAY, Special Agent;
THOMAS LANGLAN, CHARLES F. CLARK,
GEO. W. SPLAINE, FRANK G. PHILLIPS,
JOSEPH M. RUSSELL, HARRY L. ALLEN.

Correspondence is solicited from any part of Massachusetts direct to the central office, 19 Milk Street, Boston, but it is essential that particulars be given accurately, with names, addresses or team numbers of offending drivers or owners.

The Society has local agents in practically each city and town in the state, but maintains district agents with headquarters as follows:

Where to Report Complaints:

Berkshire, Hampden, and Hampshire Counties — DEXTER A. ATKINS, Springfield, 31 Elm Street, Room 327. Tel. 581-1.

Franklin and Worcester Counties — ROBERT L. DYSON, Worcester, 142 June Street. Tel. 288-3.

Dukes, Nantucket, Barnstable and Bristol Counties — HENRY A. PERRY, Mansfield. Tel. 6-12.

Plymouth, Norfolk, Middlesex, Essex and Suffolk Counties — Cases are attended to by agents of the Society having their headquarters at the central office, 19 Milk Street, Boston. Tel. Main 1226.

Ambulance Always Ready.

Some one is on duty at the main office at every hour of the day or night, including Sundays and holidays, and the ambulance for sick or disabled horses can always be had by calling Richmond 572; or our Mass. Society, Main 1226.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges for its use, but in emergency cases where they are unable to do so the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society, but only upon an owner's order, or upon that of a police officer or Society agent.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:
(1) Placards for the protection of birds under our Massachusetts laws.

(2) Placards for the protection of horses everywhere from docking and tight checkreins.

PRIZES FOR EVIDENCE.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals hereby offers:

(1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$25 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(4) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

Whenever it is necessary, through serious injury or other cause, to have animals destroyed, calls should be made upon our agents, who will destroy them in as humane and painless a manner as possible.

WHAT OUR AGENTS ARE DOING.

At the June meeting of the directors of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held this morning, it was reported that the prosecuting agents of the Massachusetts Society, in their investigation of complaints during the month, examined 5,059 animals, took 125 horses from work, and mercifully killed 236 horses and other animals.

The Massachusetts Society has received a bequest of \$1,030 from the will of Miss Elizabeth B. Maxwell of Milton.

Boston, June 16, 1909.

WILLIAM H. BALDWIN.

In the same year that Mr. Angell organized the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., another young Boston philanthropist, Mr. William H. Baldwin, retired from active business to become the president of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union. Mr. Baldwin was only three years the junior of Mr. Angell, and survived him by less than three months. The two were warm friends during a large part of their long lives, Mr. Baldwin having become a director of the S. P. C. A. in 1873. Mr. Angell often remarked upon the coincidence that they both began their life work the same year, and after Mr. Baldwin's retirement from the presidency of the Y. M. C. U., in 1907, Mr. Angell felt that he had been left alone, the sole active survivor of all his earlier colleagues.

At the June meeting of the directors, the following vote was unanimously passed:

Resolved: That the directors of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals desire to join in the general expression of grief and sympathy upon the death of William H. Baldwin. As a director of our Society for thirty-six years, he was always found most heartily interested in our work. We extend to his family and friends our deepest sympathy in their separation from one who was so greatly beloved.

OHIO HUMANE SOCIETY.

Mr. Oscar A. Trounstein, secretary-treasurer of the Ohio Humane Society, and one of the best known of the younger humanitarians in this country, surprised us on one of the recent hot June days with a call that was very refreshing to the editorial mind. Secretary Trounstein always moves in a breezy atmosphere, as his record of five years' efficient management of the Cincinnati Society testifies. The organization has its headquarters in its own building, erected several years ago, which has proved to be a very wise investment.

Other towns may well envy Cincinnati in the respect that that city details two of its regular patrolmen, without expense to the Society, to devote all their time to humane work under the secretary's direction.

CLERGY OBSERVE MERCY SUNDAY.

The St. Lawrence County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Gouverneur, N. Y., reports that quite a number of responses have come in reply to the request made to the clergy of St. Lawrence County to observe Mercy Sunday. Of these the most enthusiastic came from the curate at Ogdensburg, who promised for the Roman Catholic bishop of the diocese that the priests would all be requested to preach upon the subject. One priest who visits three small country churches wrote that he would deliver a sermon on the subject at each of his charges.

When pure milk in clean bottles, pure water at sanitary drinking fountains, and generous playgrounds are freely supplied, the Boston child ought to come as near as any to being what a distinguished college professor was wont to enjoin upon his classes — "eugenic, eupeptic, and eurythmic."

NATIONAL WORK-HORSE PARADE ASSOCIATION.

A meeting was held in Boston, June 24, to organize a National Work-Horse Parade Association.

Among those present were Thomas F. McCarthy of New York, T. J. Cavanagh of Chicago, Oscar A. Trounstein of Cincinnati, Mr. Fay of Cleveland, Mr. Nevill of Milwaukee, and President Henry C. Merwin and several directors of the Boston Work-Horse Parade Association.

A committee was appointed to form a corporation to be known as the National Work-Horse Parade Association. The objects of the new association will be to systematize and improve the holding of such parades in all of the large cities and towns of the United States. The association will also endeavor to introduce in state and county fairs some features of the work-horse parade, and especially classes for old horses. Exhibitions of old horses have already been given in some county fairs with great success.

Another object of the association will be to improve the quality and breeding of work-horses. The reason for this is that the well-bred horse suffers less and lasts longer than the coarse-bred horse; and it is, therefore, more humane to use well-bred horses. Moreover, by inducing horse owners to buy and use a high type of horse a general improvement is effected among all classes of horses down to the lowest grade. This result is very perceptible in Boston, where parades have now been held for seven years.

As soon as the new association is incorporated, all humane societies and teamsters' associations in the country will be invited to join it.

GREAT KINDNESS OF THE JAINS.

Editor of *Our Dumb Animals*:

Your story of the dogs of Constantinople, and the humane treatment accorded to them, reminds me of some still better conditions existing in India, among the Jains, where kindness to animals is considered a religious duty. The Jains are strict vegetarians, and will not kill anything that breathes, even for food. They believe in peace, and are noted for their kind-heartedness and charity. Some of the methods of caring for dumb animals which your Society is so strongly advocating have been in practice among these people for many years. They have hospitals where all kinds of sick and decrepit animals are fed and cared for.

They differ from you in one respect, in that animals, whatever their condition, are never "mercifully put to death." No laws are required for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and no special agents are needed to investigate cases, for cruelties are never found, and cases of illness or injury are always promptly attended to. These kind-hearted people build houses for birds, and place food and water for them in public places. They will not even kill a fly or mosquito.

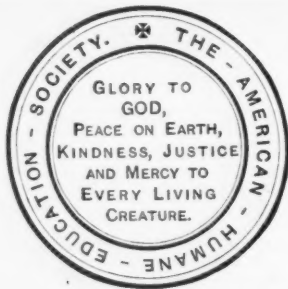
MARSHALL LEWIS.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

She was a wee scrap of a thing just three years old, but with the soul of a heroine shining out of her great brown eyes. It was her first visit to the zoo, and the babel of queer noises and rows of strange beasts might well have daunted her baby heart. But she scorned to seem afraid. Only when they approached the towering form of the elephant did she draw back.

"I'm not goin' too close, papa," she whispered; "I might scare him!" — *Woman's Home Companion*.

A Humane Building, as a permanent memorial to George T. Angell, will plead continually for the cause for which he toiled incessantly.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, March, 1880.

The executive officers of the American Humane Education Society are the same as those of the Massachusetts Society P. C. A., printed on the preceding page.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have in our principal office (in a large frame and conspicuous position) the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

OUR PRIZE STORY BOOKS.

"Black Beauty," in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

"Hollyhurst," "Strike at Shane's," also Mr. Angell's "Autobiography," in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

"Some of New York's 400," paper, 10 cents each; cloth, 25 cents, or 30 cents mailed.

"For Pity's Sake," paper, 10 cents mailed; cloth, 50 cents at office, or 60 cents mailed.

"Beautiful Joe," at publishers' price, new edition, illustrated, \$1.25, postpaid; smaller edition, 50 cents at office, or 62 cents mailed; cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. All editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier.*

SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, &c.

For prices of Miss S. J. Eddy's book, above-named, and a variety of humane publications, address, M. L. Hall, 126 Ridge Street, Providence, R. I.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

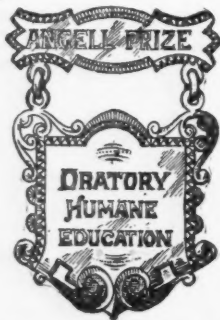
ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful sterling silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions.

On the back is inscribed, "The American Humane Education Society."

The price is one dollar, postpaid. Each is in a box on purple velvet.

The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools, Sunday schools, granges or other societies are invited to send their best speaker to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or Band of Mercy, or school or Sunday school or church or library or any other object preferred.



"OUR DUMB ANIMALS" FOR SCHOOLS.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I have never known any person who has excelled Geo. T. Angell in exciting humanity and establishing love for all God's creatures, thus unconsciously creating or increasing reverence.

Many years ago a boy in Roxbury was bitten by a dog. I was excited and sent an article to the *Transcript* opposing the freedom of such animals. Mr. Angell took exceptions to my language by an article in the paper. I defended myself, yet Mr. Angell became a friend and I gained the advantage of a new thought.

Upon the announcement of the death of Mr. Angell I feared there would be a decline in the interests of the Societies. I was particularly interested in *Our Dumb Animals*. In this I was happily surprised, for I discovered that the papers issued under your charge were fully as interesting and in every respect satisfactory. To me the paper is the chief power. Religion and creeds are not disturbed and only the best interests in our nature are aroused.

If some of our wealthy citizens would give comparatively a small sum *Our Dumb Animals* could be introduced into our schools. Twenty copies would supply one hundred pupils by a transfer each week. Other methods might be adopted. A paper given directly to each pupil would have greater influence, especially in homes.

Earnestly I hope, and I expect, your success will continue and humanity be the basis of peace on earth. J. P. C. WINSHIP.

Brighton, Mass.

HUMANE EDUCATION.

By humane education we seek to make heart culture co-ordinate with brain culture, in the educational system of our country, believing it to be equally, if not more, essential for the foundation of the best national character. Education of the heart is necessary for personal righteousness, and this function is not by any means limited to religious teaching. It is a duty of the state and necessary for its own protection.

WILLIAM O. STILLMAN.

(Written for *Our Dumb Animals*.)

THE SCHOOLS HAVE A PLAIN DUTY.

The only organization that can reach all the children regularly by systematic effort is the public school.

Kindness to animals is as necessary to children as to the animals themselves.

Nothing is more demoralizing in its reaction than the mistreatment of dumb animals. A child can be alarmingly demoralized in disposition by hectoring a dog or cat.

A child who forms a habit of hectoring dumb animals is sure to develop the habit of bullying small children.

A bully in childhood almost invariably becomes an undesirable citizen with a wrong point of view of the privileges of superiority.

Whoever prevents a child from becoming used to hectoring dumb animals, or restores a child with such a habit to a normal disposition, is doing a great service to that child and to his inferior associates in childhood and manhood days.

The legislature of Illinois has recently made a law requiring that every public school teacher in the state, from the kindergarten through the high school, shall devote not less than thirty minutes a week to teaching kindness to birds and animals and the importance of the part they fulfill in the economy of nature.

Who can estimate the possible effect of such noble legislation? Every state will probably have a kindred law and this will reach every public school pupil every week for about eight years.

Emerson says, "There are a thousand forests in one acorn." What possibilities in this law!

Boston.

A. E. WINSHIP.

THE IDEAL CITY.

What makes the city great and strong?

Not architecture's graceful strength,
Not factories' extended length,
But men who see the civic wrong,
And give their lives to make it right
And turn its darkness into light.

What makes a city full of power?

Not wealth's display or titled fame,
Not fashion's loudly boasted claim,
But women rich in virtue's dower,
Whose homes though humble still are great
Because of service to the State.

What makes a city men can love?

Not things that charm the outward sense,
Nor gross display of opulence,
But right, the wrong cannot remove,
And truth that faces civic fraud
And smites it in the name of God.

This is a city that shall stand,

A Light upon a nation's hill,
A Voice that evil cannot still,
A source of blessing to the land;
Its strength not brick, nor stone, nor wood,
But Justice, Love and Brotherhood.—*Selected.*

(Written for *Our Dumb Animals*.)

OUR FRIENDS, THE BIRDS.

I should like to call the attention of my fellow members of the American Humane Education Society to a little book entitled, "How to Attract and Protect Wild Birds," that is a full description of the methods employed by Baron Berlepsch on his estate at Seebach in Germany. For over twenty years, this German lover of birds has studied the habits of his feathered friends in a most painstaking and scientific way, and without sentimentality. He decided, first of all, that birds are absolutely essential to the prosperity of the human race. Man has in many cases destroyed nesting conditions—these conditions must be restored. Herr Berlepsch began to make his park, gardens, orchard and shrubberies a paradise for birds. He found that many birds preferred deserted or uninhabited woodpecker holes in which to raise their young. He had trees containing woodpecker holes felled and examined. After inspecting several hundreds of holes, he found, to his surprise and interest, that they were all formed on a uniform plan. He then had these holes carefully imitated in nesting boxes. This is merely one instance of his cautious and deliberate work. He now has over two thousand nesting boxes of various kinds hung up on trees on his estate. As a result, when a destructive moth stripped his neighbors' trees, his were left green and beautiful. It had paid him to befriend the birds.

As the bird question has become one of such really vital importance in America, we can not do better than to procure and study this intensely interesting book that tells us exactly how to go about the work of protecting the birds. It can be obtained from Mr. William Dutcher, President National Association Audubon Societies, 141 Broadway, New York. MARSHALL SAUNDERS.

Mrs. Caroline Earle White, one of the pioneers in the anti-cruelty movement in this country and editor of the *Journal of Zoöphily*, Philadelphia, is spending the summer abroad. In the June issue of her paper we find the first instalment of a series of letters about her experiences. She reports considerable improvement in the condition of horses and donkeys in Naples.

ONE THING WE MUST NEVER FORGET, NAMELY: THAT THE INFINITELY MOST IMPORTANT WORK FOR US IS THE HUMANE EDUCATION OF THE MILLIONS WHO ARE SOON TO COME ON THE STAGE OF ACTION.

THE SLEEPY SONG.

As soon as the fire burns red and low,
And the house up-stairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy song,
Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quick and soft,
Their colors are gray and white:
They follow their leader nose to tail,
For they must be home by night.

And one slips over and one comes next,
And one runs after behind,
The gray one's nose at the white one's tail,
The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the hill
They quietly slip away,
But one runs over and one comes next,
Their colors are white and gray.

And over they go and over they go
And over the top of the hill,
The good little sheep run quick and soft,
And the house up-stairs is still.

And one slips over and one comes next,
The good little, gray little sheep!
I watch how the fire burns red and low,
And she says that I fall asleep.

JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM.

THE CAT THAT ANSWERED AN ADVERTISEMENT.

You know that there are some people who say that cats cannot read good, plain English. If that is so, will you please tell me how it happened that this one came to the front door of the Belden family in answer to Ted's advertisement?

"The mice are eating us out of house and home!" said Mary, as she brought in the cream for breakfast. "I don't see what we will do if we don't get a cat."

"We really do need one," said mother, thoughtfully; "but I don't know of a good mouser anywhere."

"Why don't you advertise?" joked father, as he drank his coffee. "An 'ad' in the *Gazette* or *Post* ought to bring you one."

"Costs too much!" laughed mother.

"Well, then, stick up a sign!" said father.

Ted thought it over as he finished his breakfast. He could "stick up a sign" just as well as anybody. Where should he put it? He decided that a good, big, handsome one, done in red paint and pinned up on the front door, would be as good as anything; and so, half an hour later, that was what callers might have seen if they had come so early. It stayed there all the forenoon, and this is what it said:

"Wanted—A Cat."

A few people saw it, and laughed, for it was such a big piece of brown wrapping paper, and the letters were so big, and red, and scraggly, that you couldn't help seeing them, unless you were very, very near-sighted.

Just before luncheon time mother had to go to the front door for something, and there stood a lean, lank, gray cat, with one paw up, trying to catch the fluttering corner of that brown paper sign. It seemed as if it were trying to say, "I've come! Why do you want that sign any more?"

"Ted, did you put that thing up there?" asked mother, taking the pins out in a hurry and carrying the dreadful looking sign inside to use for kindling. "What will the neighbors think! Such a front door for people to look at!"

"It brought the cat!" said Ted in triumph.

And, sure enough, there was the long, lean, gray cat following close at their heels everywhere they went, and meowing for milk. He turned out a splendid mouser, too, and to this day Ted firmly believes in advertising.—*Selected.*

When you move for the summer,
don't forget your cat.



Courtesy of Chicago Illustrated Review.

FELINE VANITY.

MORAL RIGHTS OF ANIMALS.

The evidences that the lower animals are thinkers, that they are endowed with intellectual faculties are too many and too obvious to require argument. Do they possess moral natures? The phenomena of moral existence are love, benevolence, gratitude, fidelity; with their opposites—hatred, revenge, cruelty, malice and such complex passions as grief, remorse, shame, hope, despair. Suffice it to refer in a general way to the unmistakable indications of a sense of guilt and shame, of forbearance and magnanimity, of chivalrous defense of the weak; of generosity to each other and to man; of integrity in the discharge of their trusts; to their long remembrance of and disposition to avenge ill-treatment which they have received, and to reward kindness by confidence, affection, and service.

The moral faculties of the lower animals voice themselves in language and tones as nearly identified with the language and tones of man as the physical conformation of the organs of speech will permit.

Anger, defiance, alarm, fear, affection, pain, joy, triumph are heard in all their modulations in their voices and modes of expression of birds and quadrupeds—language well understood by man, and better understood among the several tribes, each of which speaks an idiom of its own.

When we see a dog, himself hungry, carry food safely to his master, or die bravely in the master's defense, how shall we escape the conviction that noble moral qualities are present in the phenomena? Indeed, the companionship and mutual esteem between man, on the one side, and the dog, horse, or elephant on the other, can only be accounted for by the fact of the presence of a moral nature in each in sympathy with that of the other.

WM. CUNNINGHAM GRAY.

Take the selfishness out of this world, and there would be more happiness than we should know what to do with. H. W. SHAW.

CATS AND MIRRORS.

In Helen M. Winslow's interesting volume, "Concerning Cats," we find the following anecdote:

"Another story is of a cat which, on first seeing his own reflection in a mirror, tried to fight it. Meeting with resistance from the glass, the cat ran behind the mirror. Not finding the object of his search he again came to the front, and while keeping his eye deliberately fixed on the image, felt around the edge of the glass with his paw, whilst with his head twisted round to the front he assured himself of the persistence of the reflection. He never afterward condescended to notice a mirror.

"I have often made this experiment with young cats, and almost invariably with practically the same results. One of my present cat family, however, seems to understand that the reflection is her own, and often sits and admires herself with an expression of conscious pride in her own attractiveness."

ANIMALS OF ECONOMIC VALUE.

The extent to which predatory mammals and birds feed upon rodents should be more generally understood. Probably the greatest factor in the increase of rats, mice, and other destructive rodents in the United States has been the persistent killing off of the birds and mammals that prey upon them. Too often the slaughter is based upon ignorance of the animal's real economic value. Animals that on the whole are decidedly beneficial are habitually destroyed because they occasionally transgress. Thus, warfare is made on the skunk and many kinds of hawks and owls that occasionally destroy a chicken or a game bird but which habitually subsist upon harmful insects and rodents. Among the natural enemies of the rat are the larger hawks and owls, skunks, foxes, coyotes, weasels, minks, and a few other mammals. To these must be added the domestic dogs, cats, and ferrets. — From Bulletin No. 33, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.

(Written for *Our Dumb Animals*.)

JUSTICE.

A little band of chattering, happy children were trudging on to school. The boys with their slings, aiming at every convenient mark, and the girls screaming with delight, when a particularly good shot was made.

"See that little bird over there?" cried one, "I bet I can hit him," and ere the remark was finished a rock flew straight from the sling, and a tiny brown warbler lay bruised and bleeding upon the ground.

"Jack LeMar, you coward, how dared you hurt that poor little bird?" came in ringing tones from one of the girls. "I tell you that there will come a time when you shall have to suffer as that little thing does. Then, possibly, you will think of the time when you caused pain for the fun of the thing."

The boy's face became crimson at the scorn in her voice, and making no reply he started to run for the schoolhouse, as the first bell was ringing.

Two bright black eyes looked from a bunch of ruffled brown feathers. Can it be possible that they are gone—those horrid children? The tiny heart throbs less quickly, and the little sufferer flutters about in a vain effort to fly. A wing is broken, and how it aches!

Great clouds are gathering in the sky, and slowly the rain begins to fall, first in a gentle drizzle, then in great drops drenching everything. The wee sufferer, wet to the skin, struggles blindly onward through the storm, falling into puddles, only to creep out again and be blown about as a leaf at the mercy of the wind. At last, unseeing and unknowing, it slips into the gutter, and there engulfed in the swiftly flowing water, its tiny soul passes into the hands of its Maker.

* * * * *

Fifteen long years have passed away, and Jack LeMar, pale from the intensity of his suffering, lies wounded on the battlefield. The sky is dark and threatening. His mind travels back to those school days when happy and care-free he made his way to the old schoolhouse on the hill. Then comes to his memory the incident of the bird, when out of youthful bravado he had caused it to suffer the keenest of pain. How true were the words of that little girl, "There will come a time when you shall have to suffer as that little thing does." Who was it that said that? He could not remember, but how fresh were the words in his mind. O how his wound throbbed! Could it be possible that that little bird had suffered so much. Poor little bird. What was that—a whisper?

"Though the mills of God grind slowly
Yet they grind exceeding small,
Though with patience stands He waiting
With exactness grinds He all."

Would that pain never cease? His head was aching until it seemed that it must burst, and before his eyes fluttered that tiny brown bird. Could it be possible that its head had ached? It must have. It had been hit with a great big rock, almost as big as itself, and with such force too. Ah, now he remembered who it was with the flashing scornful eyes—it was Justice Lorene, and now she came with the little brown bird, looking out of the darkness at him. But that was nonsense, she was dead, dead two years ago. How beautiful she was, and how much more beautiful she seemed tonight with her great unfathomable eyes! Poor Justice, to die in the midst of her youth and beauty! Poor girl! Poor little brown bird!

The storm comes nearer and nearer; till at length a vivid flash broke from the darkness above, lasted for one brilliant moment, and vanished. The thunder followed, like a pursuing wild beast, close on the traces of the vanishing light. Was that Justice coming to him over the dead? Again came the lightning, and again came the thunder. Justice is smiling—Justice with dress of the lightning, and hair of the night. Unbound hair, hanging

in great waves over her shoulders and down to her knees. The pain is becoming more unbearable every moment. What that wee bird must have suffered! She is coming nearer. Justice—Beautiful Justice! Her eyes are luminous, piercing the dark like twin stars, and with her is the little bird. The rain falls in great drops, but it does not fall on them. She comes closer, still closer, and kneels by his side. Justice, my Justice! Her hand is on his brow, the pain is going—going. "Justice, don't leave me. Justice—Beautiful Justice—Poor—lit—tle—brown—bir—" and so his soul passed into the Great Unknown, and out of the storm, in the company of Justice—Queen of the Night—and the little brown bird, for the law was made perfect. A life demands a life.

PEARL McCAUSLAND.

Sacramento, Cal.

CONDEMNED ON SUSPICION.

Brooklyn Man Deprecates Ruthless Killing of Dogs in Hot Weather.

A writer in the *Brooklyn Times* vigorously protests against the annual slaughter of dogs suspected of being afflicted with rabies. He declares that this indiscriminate destruction is unwarranted and inhuman. He says:

"With a return of the hot weather there becomes apparent on the part of individuals and various organized bodies a noteworthy tendency to prevent a recurrence of what may be termed the customary summer scares.

"Among those who are strenuously opposed to the ruthless killing of dogs there are many who are firm in their belief that a real case of hydrophobia is an extreme rarity. A prominent physician, who is an officer of the Long Island Kennel Club, and who is extremely fond of his pets, has expressed himself as being of the opinion that newspaper sensationalism has done more to cause 'mad dog' panics than the actual existence of the evil itself.

"While it is not desired by the friends of the dog that the stray animals be permitted to run loose in the community they do hold that some judgment should be used before doom is pronounced on a dog properly licensed, but suspected of symptoms of the fatal disease. In many instances, it is claimed that by dashing a little water on the beast's head, the animal would be given immediate relief from the disquieting effects of heat."

(Written for *Our Dumb Animals*.)

COURAGE.

The hardest things to bear we never tell;
We wear a mask to every human eye:
We smile, and bravely answer, "All is well!"
But naught is hidden from the Deity.

How good it is that One can surely know,
And give the sympathy for which we yearn;
Strength in our weakness, patience in our woe,
And cheer to meet the worst at every turn

Of life's most crooked pathway. It is best
There are both hills and valleys on our way;
The level ground gives little for a test
Of brave endurance, or a strenuous day.

Fight hard or no one wins. Tell Him, aside,
Of all the disappointments, all the fears,
The wrecks of plans, the hopes unsatisfied;
But show the world no sign of loss nor tears.

SARAH K. BOLTON.

Cleveland, O.

(Written for *Our Dumb Animals*.)

PLEA FOR SUMMER DOGS.

What is the solution of the summer dog problem? As each summer comes it means the death of many of these magnificent animals. As my tender-hearted wife says, "Surely there is some place in the world for these poor fellows." In a near-by city, where very little is done to mitigate the pain and suffering of these animals, it was only a few days ago that a strange dog noticed a boy who had gone beyond his depth while bathing and was drowning. The noble animal went to his rescue and even after the body of the boy had sunk to the bottom of the river the dog made brave efforts to dive down and secure it. And this dog was a stray one. Yes, there must be a better way of protecting dogs against promiscuous death.

Bowling Green, O.

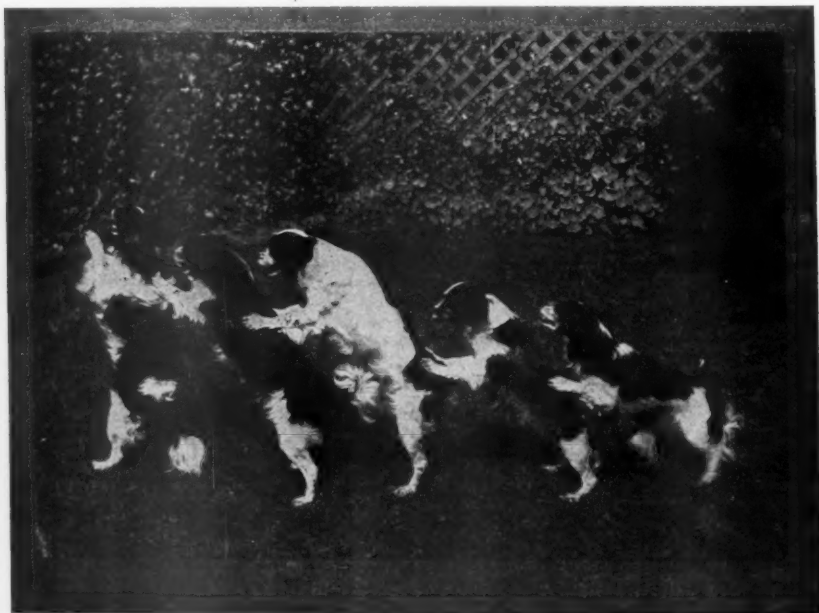
W. A. S.

Always provide plenty of water for your dogs in summer.

Old Lady (to druggist): "I want a box of canine pills."

Druggist: "What's the matter with the dog?"

Old Lady (indignantly): "I want you to know, sir, that my husband is a gentleman." The druggist put up some quinine pills in profound silence.—*Young Pilgrim*.



THE LOCK STEP.

From *The Photographic Times*.



Founders of American Band of Mercy:
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.
Office of Parent American Band of Mercy:
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.
A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."
Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We are glad to report this month three hundred and nine new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of seventy-five thousand and thirty-one, with probably over two million members.

We send without cost, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also without cost, to every person who forms a Band of Mercy, obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and post office address (town and state) of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, *Our Dumb Animals*, for one year.
 2. Mr. Angell's "Address to the Boston Public Schools," "Five Questions Answered," "Relations of Animals That Can Speak to Those That Are Dumb," and "Annual Report."
 3. "Does It Pay?"—an account of one Band of Mercy.
 4. Copy of "Band of Mercy Songs."
 5. "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals," containing many anecdotes.
 6. Eight "Humane Leaflets," containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.
 7. For the president, an imitation gold badge.
- The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.
- Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.
- Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

- 1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. (See Melodies.)
- 2.—Remarks by President and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.
- 3.—Readings, "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6.—Enrollment of new members.
- 7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

They are very handsome—a white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters and border, and we sell five for ten cents, in money or postage stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We cannot attend to smaller numbers than five.

See last page for prices of other Band of Mercy supplies, or send for free illustrated catalogue.



BAND OF MERCY "RAPID TRANSIT" IN RANDOLPH CENTER, VERMONT.

ONE OF MR. ANGELL'S MONUMENTS.

While arrangements are being perfected towards erecting a memorial building to the memory of Geo. T. Angell, it is fitting that we should call special attention to one of the greatest monuments to his memory that will ever exist, and one which is unlike that of any other individual. On June 16 last, the total number of Bands of Mercy, formed by the Societies of which Mr. Angell was the founder, reached 75,000.

This movement in America started in Mr. Angell's office on July 28, 1882. Thus, for the last twenty-seven years Bands of Mercy have been formed at the rate of eight for every day in the year. Many of the early signers have grown to be adults, and today the children of many of them are following in the footsteps of parents who were brought up to be kind to every living creature.

The Bands average thirty members each. Who will estimate the influence exerted upon the lives of 2,250,000 children who, in the space of half a generation, have pledged themselves to kindness as the result of this man's inspiration and work for others? That others have shared in this movement for humanity does not detract from this splendid memorial to him whose favorite motto was "Glory to God."

RESCUED FROM STEEL TRAP.

A humane act performed by two Millville (Massachusetts) boys, Carsten Oddson and James Wrenn, both in their teens, deserves more than a passing notice.

On an island in the Blackstone river a dog, caught in a steel trap, had suffered excruciatingly for two days. His feeble howls at last fell upon merciful ears. The boys took a boat and went to the rescue. Being unable in their first attempt to extricate the poor creature, frantic by long torture and half-starved, they gave it food and with much difficulty succeeded in releasing it. Such an act of mercy cannot escape recognition. The boys have been commended by the president of our Society.

AN ABUSED CAT.

The family cat was crying and spoiling papa's reading of the evening paper, and he insisted that his small daughter put her pet out of doors. This she did very unwillingly, and coming back seated herself at her father's feet with the remark, "You dess ought to be the look on 'at cat's face, papa!"—*Delineator*.

BOYS HAVE QUEER TEAM.

The above picture, taken for *Our Dumb Animals*, shows two boys of Randolph Center, Vermont, and their unique turn-out. By careful training a bull has been thoroughly broken to harness and with this team the boys do much work about the farm.

PETS OF AN INDIANA GIRL.

Marion, Ind., May 25, 1909.

Dear Sir:



I herewith inclose sixteen cents for two Band of Mercy badges. I received your little books and read them to my little brother and he enjoyed them very much. When you send our badges please have the ones that look like silver.

I have always loved animals since I was a baby and would go up to the most fierce dog or horse and pet them. When I was a little tot we lived close to the water and I did not have many pets so I used to play with the turtles and I loved them so that once I kissed a snapping turtle on the mouth and it hung onto my lip and bit me. And once my uncle found me trying to let a snake out of a cage where some men had caught it. Oh, I love all animals and I cannot bear to see them abused. Now I have a little chicken that follows me about and I have the dearest little bulldog and I love them both. Here is a picture of my bulldog and me. I hope my letter has not been too long.

Yours truly,

GEORGIANA LOCKWOOD.

I am nine years old.

THREE HUNDRED PLEDGED.

Through the efforts of Father P. A. Heckman, pastor of St. Mary's church in Temple, Texas, three hundred children in the public schools of that city were enrolled in Bands of Mercy during June.

WORK OF STATE ORGANIZER.

From the beginning of the school year, up to June 12, Mr. Leach had visited thirty-five cities and towns and formed 1,739 Bands of Mercy in the public and parochial schools of Massachusetts.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY? I answer: To teach and lead every child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that will make some other human being or some dumb creature happier. GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

- | | | | | |
|---|--|---|---|--|
| 74076 Providence, R. I.
Charles St. School Bds.
Longfellow.
P., Teresa M. O'Reilly. | 74111 Div. 4.
P., Florence E. Chace. | 74146 Div. 7.
P., A. M. Harvey. | 74181 Lincoln Ave. School Bds.
Sunbeam, Div. 1.
P., Ida A. Williams. | 74217 Div. 9.
P., Margaret J. Harrington. |
| 74077 Lowell.
P., M. S. Houghton. | 74112 Webster Ave. Grammar
School Bands.
Protectors of the Helpless
Div. 1.
P., Ida A. Cunningham. | 74147 Div. 8.
P., M. I. Tillinghast. | 74182 Div. 2.
P., R. Lillian Hynes. | 74218 Central Ave. School Bds.
Kind Hearts.
Div. 1.
P., Helen F. Finlay. |
| 74078 Golden Rule.
P., E. A. McGuinness. | 74113 Div. 2.
P., Clarie L. Freethy. | 74148 Div. 9.
P., A. L. Mahy. | 74183 Div. 3.
P., Daisy M. Capron. | 74219 Div. 2.
P., Mabelle F. Stone. |
| 74079 Willing Workers.
P., Mary C. McKenna. | 74114 Div. 3.
P., Jeanette A. McLaren. | 74149 Div. 10.
P., M. L. E. Hamill. | 74184 Div. 4.
P., Ida M. Cunningham. | 74220 Div. 3.
P., Sarah C. Demers. |
| 74080 Kind Little Helpers.
P., Laura A. Moran. | 74115 Div. 4.
P., Eleanor J. Wilson. | 74150 Div. 11.
P., Laura H. Clark. | 74185 Broadway Grammar
School Bands.
Protectors of the Help-
less.
Div. 1.
P., M. W. French. | 74221 Div. 4.
P., Emma Hokanson. |
| 74081 Sunbeam.
P., E. A. McGuinness. | 74116 Div. 5.
P., S. C. Allen. | 74151 Oaklawn, R. I.
Oaklawn School Bands.
Florence Nightingale.
Div. 1.
P., Agnes B. Mac-
Naughton. | 74186 Div. 2.
P., Susanna Reed. | 74222 Div. 5.
P., Jennie E. McCaffrey. |
| 74082 Sunshine.
P., Evelyn Staples. | 74117 Div. 6.
P., S. C. Allen. | 74152 Div. 2.
P., Agnes C. Smith. | 74187 Div. 3.
P., Elsie C. Waterman. | 74223 Div. 6.
P., Annie G. Martin. |
| 74083 Helping Hand.
P., Mary C. Buckley. | 74118 Div. 7.
P., S. E. Thornton. | 74153 Pawtucket, R. I.
Kind Helpers.
Grove St. School Bands.
Div. 1.
P., Susanne Greeley. | 74188 Div. 4.
P., A. Amelia Powers. | 74224 Div. 7.
P., Alice B. Carroll. |
| 74084 Kind Helpers.
P., Mary B. Cram. | 74119 Div. 8.
P., Annie F. Emmons. | 74154 Div. 2.
P., Bessie B. Boles. | 74189 Div. 5.
P., Edith D. Davison. | 74225 Div. 8.
P., Annie F. Conlon. |
| 74085 Aldrich St. Special Sch.
Wide Awake Band.
P., Mary T. B. Kelly. | 74120 Div. 9.
P., Beatrice Gile. | 74155 Div. 3.
P., Marguerite E. Dwyer. | 74190 Div. 6.
P., Anna J. Farrell. | 74226 Church Hill School Bds.
The Bergh-Angell.
Div. 1.
P., Cathalena L. Rovelto |
| 74086 Webster Ave. Primary
School.
Helping Hand Band.
Div. 1.
P., Annie L. Crowe. | 74121 Div. 10.
P., Rena B. Dodge. | 74156 Div. 4.
P., Amelia M. Perry. | 74191 Div. 7.
P., Helen F. Martin. | 74227 Div. 2.
P., Anna C. Edgecomb. |
| 74087 Div. 2.
P., Ella M. Pierce. | 74122 Div. 11.
P., Nora L. Maguire. | 74157 Div. 5.
P., Emma R. Rowley. | 74192 Happy Workers.
Div. 1.
P., Carrie E. Cobb. | 74228 Div. 3.
P., A. Maude Emerson. |
| 74088 Div. 3.
P., Julia E. Barry. | 74123 Div. 12.
P., Lilian G. Winsor. | 74158 Loyal Protectors.
Div. 1.
P., Mary D. Pollard. | 74193 Div. 2.
P., Mary L. McVay and
Emily R. McCrillis. | 74229 Div. 4.
P., Margaret M. McVeigh. |
| 74089 Div. 4.
P., Helen F. Holbrook. | 74124 Willard Ave. Primary
School Bands.
Kind Workers.
Div. 1.
P., Fanny B. Brightman. | 74159 Div. 2.
P., Margaret G. Butler. | 74194 Div. 3.
P., Rose A. Giblin. | 74230 Div. 5.
P., Loretto M. Griffin. |
| 74090 Div. 5.
P., Annie E. Rice. | 74125 Div. 2.
P., Annie T. O'Donnell. | 74160 Div. 3.
P., Alice L. Currier. | 74195 Div. 4.
P., Jessie M. Bowen. | 74231 Div. 6.
P., Mary Geary. |
| 74091 Div. 6.
P., Lizzie E. Chace. | 74126 Div. 3.
P., Carrie L. McLaughlin. | 74161 Div. 4.
P., Emma J. Carpenter. | 74196 Div. 5.
P., Alice B. Lane. | 74232 Div. 7.
P., Bertha E. Gibson. |
| 74092 Div. 7.
P., Bertha S. Holloway. | 74127 No. 4.
P., Helen E. Sullivan. | 74162 Div. 5.
P., Carolyn A. Gallup. | 74197 Middle St. School Bds.
Helping Hand.
Div. 1.
P., Ruth C. Earle. | 74233 Div. 8.
P., Annie L. Chatterton. |
| 74093 Temple St. School Bds.
Golden Rule Band.
Div. 1.
P., Inez Prentiss. | 74128 Killingly St. School Bd.
Helping Hand.
Div. 1.
P., Mary G. Walsh. | 74163 Div. 6.
P., Margaret M. Cavanaugh. | 74198 Div. 2.
P., Jeannette M. Jackson. | 74234 Div. 9.
P., Gertrude B. Heckman. |
| 74094 Div. 2.
P., Margaret Sullivan. | 74129 Div. 2.
P., Eva L. Gibbs. | 74164 Div. 7.
P., Ursula A. Kelley. | 74199 Div. 3.
P., Elizabeth E. Joyce. | 74235 Cherry St. Kindergarten
Cottage.
Kind Boys and Girls Bd.
P., A. M. Perkins. |
| 74095 Div. 3.
P., Jessie G. Perkins. | 74130 Div. 3.
P., Elizabeth V. Carroll. | 74165 Div. 8.
P., Mary A. Demers. | 74200 Div. 4.
P., Hattie J. French. | 74236 Cherry St. Sch. Bands.
Good Will Band, Div. 1.
P., Mary L. Currier. |
| 74096 Div. 4.
P., Florence S. Ryan. | 74131 Div. 4.
P., Elizabeth G. Tally. | 74166 Div. 9.
P., Elizabeth M. Fletcher. | 74201 East St. School Bds.
Kind Deeds.
Div. 1.
P., Ellen C. Brennan. | 74237 Div. 2.
P., Lizzie E. Finlay. |
| 74097 Div. 5.
P., Martha K. Cole. | 74132 Niagara St. Primary
School Bands.
Be Kind to All.
Div. 1.
P., Elizabeth J. D'Arcy. | 74167 Div. 10.
P., Bertha M. Stedman. | 74202 Div. 2.
P., Mary E. McCabe. | 74238 Div. 3.
P., Marion D. Bennett. |
| 74098 Div. 6.
P., F. A. Wheelwright. | 74133 Div. 2.
P., Caroline M. Johnson. | 74168 Brook St. School Band.
Kind Workers.
Div. 1.
P., Nellie E. Lawton. | 74203 Div. 3.
P., Margaret A. Clarke. | 74239 Div. 4.
P., Lizzie A. Adams. |
| 74099 Somerset St. Sch. Bds.
Loyal Friends.
P., Ida M. Budlong. | 74134 Div. 3.
P., Elise T. Magnus. | 74169 Div. 2.
P., Louisa Cushman. | 74204 Div. 4.
P., Mary E. McCabe. | 74240 Mulberry Street Ward
Room School.
Wide Awake Band.
P., C. E. Wilmarth. |
| 74100 Kind Helpers.
P., W. A. Dailey. | 74135 Div. 4.
P., Lillie I. Browne. | 74170 Prospect St. School Bds.
Golden Rule, Grade 6.
Div. 1.
P., Estella F. Scott. | 74205 Darlington School Bds.
Lincoln Humane Soc.
Div. 1.
P., M. Agnes Boles. | 74241 Garden St. School Bds.
True Hearted Protectors
Div. 1.
P., Catharine A. McGinty |
| 74101 Golden Rule.
P., C. J. Crowell. | 74136 Friendship St. Primary
School Bands.
Friendly Band.
Div. 1.
P., Eudora E. Joslin. | 74171 Div. 2, Grade 5.
P., Estella F. Scott. | 74206 Div. 2.
P., Nellie A. Vance. | 74242 Div. 2.
P., Maude W. Kenyon. |
| 74102 Kind Friends.
P., T. M. Murphy. | 74137 Div. 2.
P., Mary C. Wheeler. | 74172 Div. 3, Grade 5.
P., Sara L. Keenan. | 74207 Div. 3.
P., Sarah L. Cullen. | 74243 Div. 3.
P., Eunice V. Moran. |
| 74103 Roosevelt St. Sch. Bds.
Helpers of the Helpless.
Div. 1.
P., L. M. Arnold. | 74138 Div. 3.
P., Charlotte M. Bradford. | 74173 Div. 4, Grade 4.
P., Mary R. M. Harvey. | 74208 Div. 4.
P., A. Maude McGrath. | 74244 Div. 4.
P., Adelaide J. Fleming. |
| 74104 Div. 2.
P., M. T. Holland. | 74139 Div. 4.
P., Belle L. Lyons. | 74174 Div. 5, Grade 4.
P., Henrietta N. Reed. | 74209 Willing Workers.
Div. 1.
P., Elizabeth B. Fanning. | 74245 Div. 5.
P., Katharine L. Clarke. |
| 74105 Div. 3.
P., E. I. Murphy. | 74140 Knight St. School Bds.
Kind Workers.
Div. 1.
P., Bessie A. Loftus. | 74175 Div. 6, Grade 2 and 3.
P., Emily A. Wilson. | 74210 Div. 2.
P., Mary J. McGinty. | 74246 Div. 6.
P., Alice A. Midgley. |
| 74106 Div. 4.
P., Adelaide P. Hurley. | 74141 Div. 2.
P., Elizabeth I. Grady. | 74176 Div. 7, Grade 1.
P., Mary C. P. Parker. | 74211 Div. 3.
P., Eleanor F. Ryan. | 74247 Div. 7.
P., Bessie M. Leahy. |
| 74107 Div. 5.
P., Bessie G. Burns. | 74142 Div. 3.
P., Alice R. McElroy. | 74177 Division St. School Bd.
Sunshine Band, Div. 1,
Grade 3.
P., Hattie L. Cole. | 74212 Div. 4.
P., Elizabeth L. Lennon. | 74248 Div. 8.
P., Sarah J. Kirk. |
| 74108 Daniel Ave. Primary
School Bands.
Kind Helpers.
Div. 1.
P., Mary I. Grant. | 74143 Div. 4.
P., M. I. Tillinghast. | 74178 Div. 2, Grade 2.
P., Ella P. M. Rice. | 74213 Div. 5.
P., Adaline H. Bliss. | 74249 Div. 9.
P., Mary T. S. Carey. |
| 74109 Div. 2.
P., Lizzie L. Gunn. | 74144 Div. 5.
P., M. H. Bowen. | 74179 Div. 3, Grade 1.
P., Marion E. Matteson. | 74214 Div. 6.
P., Clara L. Demers. | 74250 Garden St. Kindergarten
True Hearted Protectors
P., Isabelle Harley. |
| 74110 Div. 3.
P., Alice G. Brady. | 74145 Div. 6.
P., K. J. Galenzi. | 74180 Kindergarten Band.
P., Helen C. Smith. | 74215 Div. 7.
P., Gertrude A. Bates. | 74251 Cleveland St. Sch. Bds.
I'll Try, Div. 1.
P., Eliza A. Gallagher. |
| | | | 74216 Div. 8.
P., Emma L. Crawford. | 74252 Div. 2.
P., T. Emma Cox. |

MY COTTAGE.

I own a little cottage,
It's very small indeed,
It has no doors or windows,
Nor has it any need
Of chimney, or of kitchen,
Of cellar or of stair;
It has no furniture at all,
Not a table or a chair.

And yet it's nicely rented
To a couple newly wed,
Who love each other dearly,
At least the neighbors said
They'd seen them kiss each other,
And if the story's true,
I believe they're real nice people,
If that's the way they do.

She's the busiest little housewife
That ever you did see,
She works all day—but really,
The neighbors say that he
Does nothing much to help her,
But sits and sings all day;
Now if he truly loves her,
What makes him act that way?

I'll tell you—it's no secret.
Two little wrens have come
To rent my little cottage
And build their summer home.
They work, and sing, and chatter
The whole of the livelong day;
And their simple notes is all the rent
They ever expect to pay.

HENRY A. PERSHING.
South Bend, Ind.

Wherever a robin breeds within the confines of civilization, man is its friend, and a mutual attachment has grown up that borders on sentiment. The man extends his protection and the bird rewards by making his home almost under the same roof tree, displaying a confidence in his human brother that is begotten by lack of fear.

WM. DUTCHER.



FROM "TRUE BIRD STORIES" BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.
Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company.

AMONG THE PINES.

The blackbirds, when the day declines,
In countless numbers sweetly throng
To seek the shelter of yon pines,
To sing their vesper song.

When daylight dies I love to stroll
In those recesses cool and dim;
And, seated on some grassy knoll
Drink in their lovely hymn.

See! now the sun is urging down
The rosy west his glowing way;
And twilight shadows gather brown,
Around the steps of day.

Against yon dark and solemn hill
The blackbirds come in random lines
And with their noisy echoes fill
The quiet brooding pines.

And to that fair, secluded spot,
I go in meditation sweet,
Where turmoil of the day comes not,
Nor idle footsteps beat.

And now their sweetest songs they sing
Beneath the clouds of fading light,
While falling shadows softly bring
The holy balm of night.

I rest where velvet mosses grow,
And dream beneath the starlit sky.
No king on cygnet down, I know,
Is happier than I!

ALONZO RICE, in *Sports Afield*.

THE ROBIN ON THE LAWN.

A flash of red through a sky of blue
The whirl of wings in the dawn and dew
A field of green and a lover true,
The robin on the lawn.

A note of joy in the morning air
A low sweet song like a murmured prayer
The passion of love thrills merrily there,
The robin on the lawn.

In the twilight peace when the day is done
He woos his mate till his suit is won
'Tis the old, old story of Adam's son,
The robin on the lawn.

FRANK LOWE PHALEN,
in *Boston Transcript*.

WE MUST BRING BACK THE PURPLE MARTINS.

Five years ago those useful birds, the purple martins of Massachusetts, were almost exterminated by a series of cold storms in the nesting season. Recent observations indicate that they are now beginning to come back. The state ornithologist will be grateful for any definite information in regard to instances of the nesting of these birds within the state. Locality and approximate number of birds now breeding are important items.

Address, Edward Howe Forbush, State Board of Agriculture, 136 State House, Boston, Mass.

WINGED POLITICIANS.

The crows, rooks and pelicans, says the *Young Folk's Catholic Weekly*, are born politicians. They unite in societies, and form governments. Crows of a certain species build cities, have streets and police regulations, discuss local issues with the noise and garrulousness common to politicians, and perhaps arrive at conclusions equally as sage. Like the Chinese, they are enemies to foreigners and hospitality. They raise armies and battle in defense of their liberties.

Another authority says that they enforce military and pedagogical systems, maintain courts of justice and penal institutions; have "vigilantes who visit vengeance upon evil-minded owls and other offenders," and play games, such as tag, hide and seek, blind man's buff and pull-away.

The grossbeaks afford a striking example of republicanism. Eight or nine hundred families have been known to build their aerial city in one huge tree. Each has his individual apartment; yet all seems like one vast nest, and is covered with a roof, rising above the summit of the tree. They have no senates,

chiefs, nor distinctions. Each one is free, answers for himself, and behaves like a gentleman.

SEAGULLS IN LONDON.

Whenever a rare and beautiful bird visits England, it has been the usual thing to shoot it and preserve the skin in some collection, while the name of the man who shot it is published in the newspapers.

In Japan, when a rare bird visits the country, efforts have been made to attract it by feeding it and making it feel at home in the towns. Many such beautiful birds are to be seen in the cities. Is not the Japanese way better?

Some years ago there was a very severe winter in England and the seagulls were forced to come up the Thames inland as far as London to seek for food. The great white birds, hungry and frostbound, appealed to the Londoners, and they were fed with all sorts of things they were unaccustomed to finding in the sea, but many gave them little fishes they had bought for the purpose in the shops.

Ever since that time they have come every year up the Thames and have had the same welcome. They are so tame that some will even take food from a man's hand as they fly past. The sorrow and want of those who go hungry in winter for want of a meal is so well known in London that they knew how to appreciate the appeal of the gulls. Perhaps they will learn in time to treat all the rare visitors in the same way, and will have them as familiar guests. It will be much easier and more instructive to study their ways when they are alive instead of stuffed. And perhaps also, in time we shall learn to treat the hungry visitors better without having to suffer so much hunger in hard times in our great cities before we can realize what it means to want a meal.—*Century Path*.

PIGEON AT CITY HOSPITAL.

After passing sixteen days at the Relief station of the Boston City Hospital, during which it was being treated for a broken wing, a small pigeon was restored to its liberty. Miss Alice M. Cashman, secretary to the clerk of the Superior Court, noticed the little bird upon a window-sill at the courthouse in apparent distress. Finding that its wing was broken she carried it to the hospital and placed it in the care of the resident surgeon, Dr. E. L. Drowne.

The injuries of the tiny patient were skillfully treated and in about two weeks it was discharged with the customary formality of the institution. The pigeon was placed in a small paper box and sent back to Miss Cashman, who was pleased to see it rejoin the unusually large flock which makes the courthouse its dove-cote.

ORDERS BY PIGEON-POST.

An entirely practical use of homing pigeons was cited recently in the *London Daily Mail*. The inventor of the system is a butcher's son, who employs his birds regularly to carry orders from outlying districts—presumably where there are no telephones—to his father's shop. The plan works excellently.

"When the boy goes to collect orders, he takes six of his fastest birds with him. After he has gone a mile or two and collected a dozen orders, he liberates a pigeon with the slips enclosed in a little metal case attached to the bird's foot. Before five minutes have elapsed, these orders are in the delivery wagon on the way to the customers.

"At the various stages of his round, which usually takes three hours, the other birds with more orders are set free, and by the time the shop is reached, all the orders received by this pigeon-post have been despatched."

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. for May, 1909.
Fines and witness fees, \$340.24.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

John S. Codman, \$10; Mrs. D. P. Kimball, \$10; Miss Elizabeth E. Dana, \$8; Mrs. K. M. Ferris, \$3; Prof. E. C. Black, \$3; Mrs. J. H. C. Church, \$3; Mrs. F. L. McIntosh, M.D., \$3; C. L. Fales & Co., \$1.50; Alice M. Watts, \$0.50.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Mrs. Hannah T. Brown, Mrs. A. T. Potter, Mrs. J. S. Bartlett, Mrs. Mary A. Kimball, Mrs. L. G. White, The Norton Co., "A friend" for Summer Vacation Horses, Henry W. Haynes, Mrs. E. F. Stafford, Miss Mary Aleid Schurck, Mrs. John D. Flint, Mrs. S. Parkman Blake, Mrs. John C. Inches, Miss Harriet S. Tolman, Mrs. Thomas F. Goodrich, Miss Grace M. Miller, F. T. Owen, Mrs. I. J. Bostwick, Mrs. Sarah D. Hubbard, Mrs. L. J. Abbey, Miss E. Folsom.

TWO DOLLARS EACH.

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Tranquil repose. Even the busy bee
Forgets her daily toil. The silent wood
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And all the feathered tribes, by gentle sleep subdued,
Roost in the glade, and hang their drooping wings.
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